In this Number—A NEW STORY—By THOMAS HARDY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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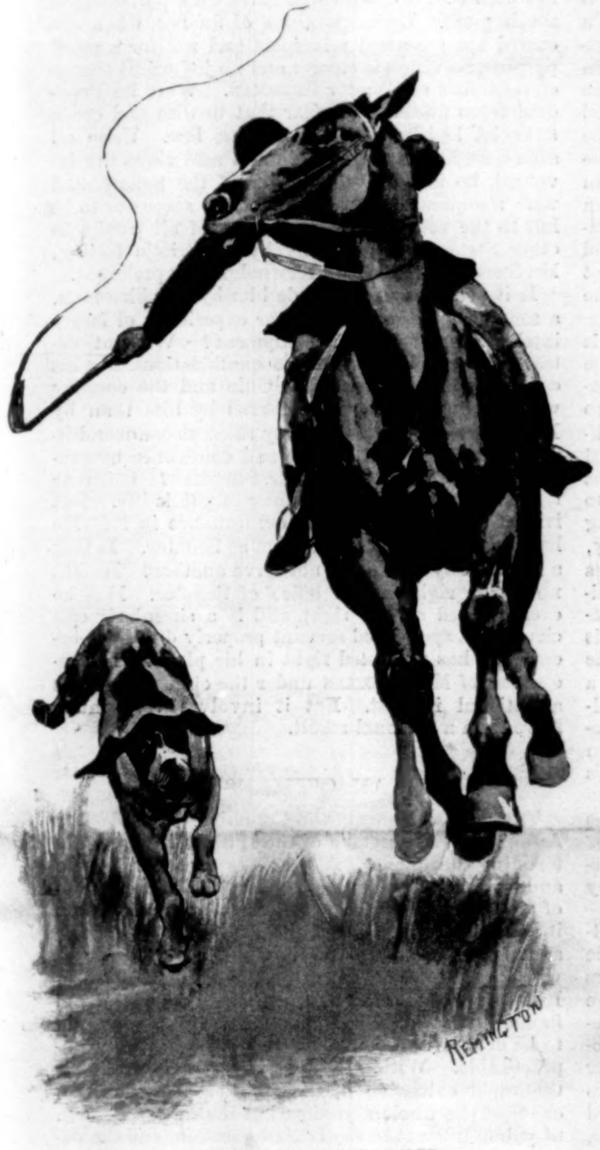

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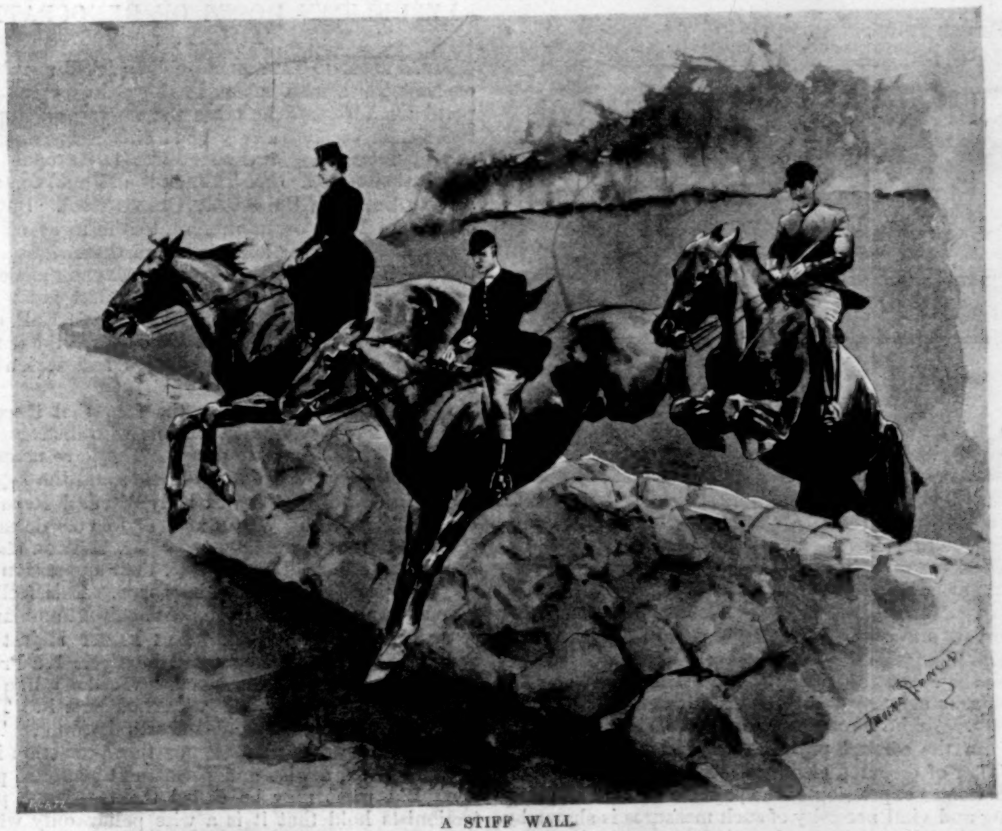

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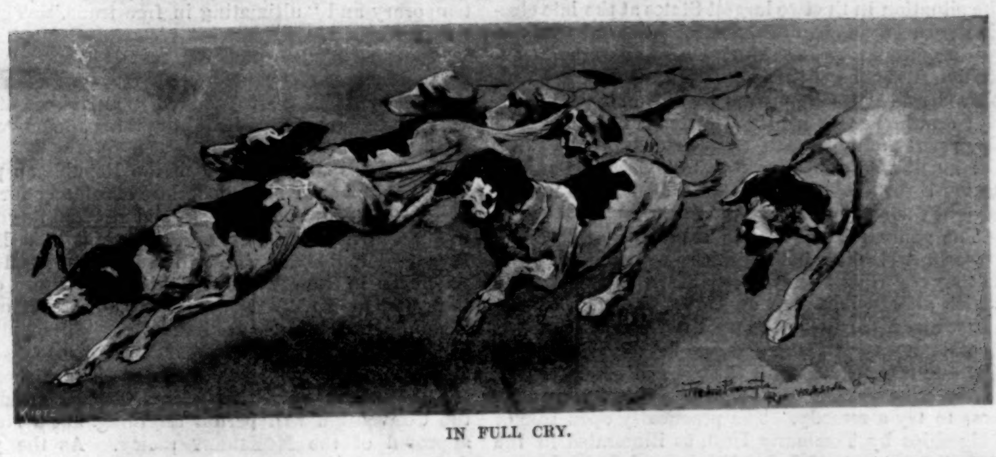

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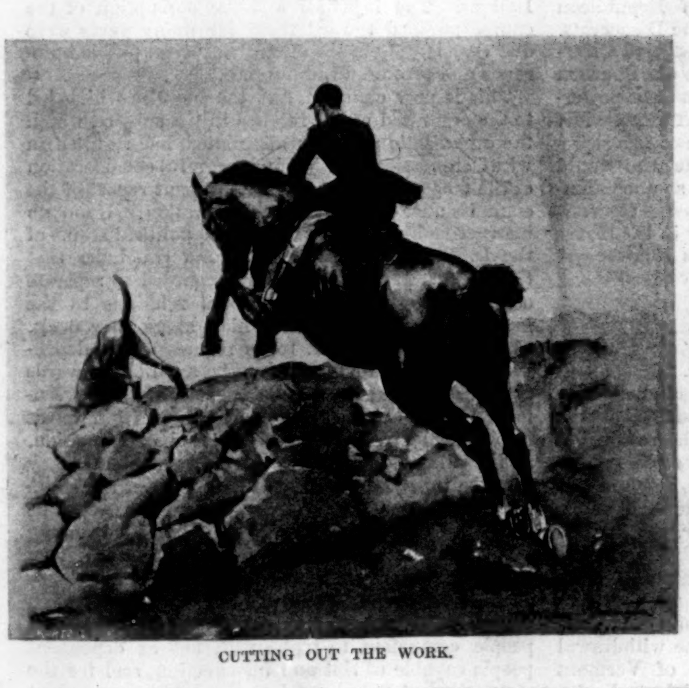

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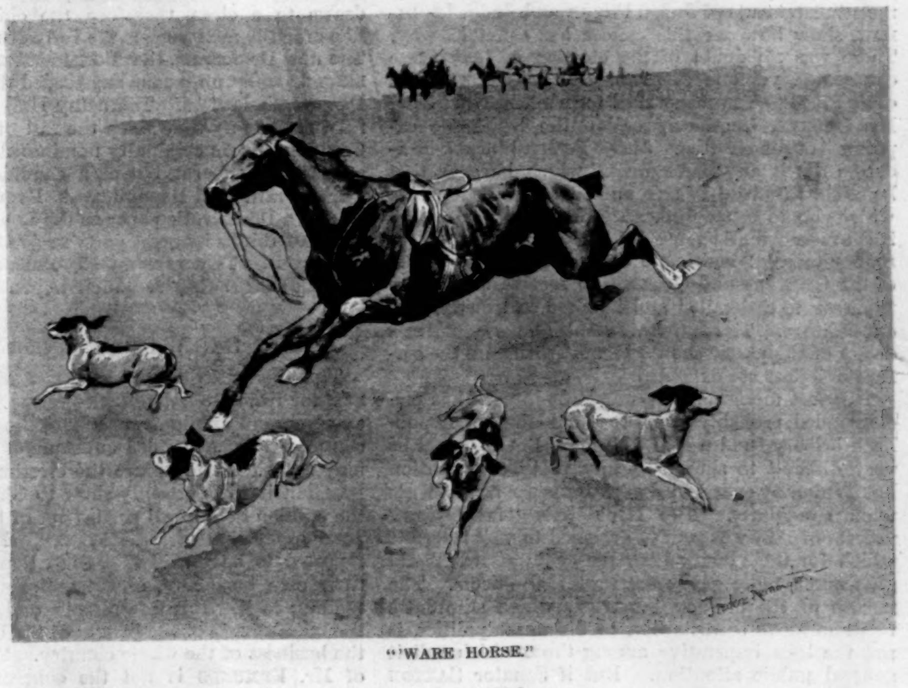

"'WARE HORSE."

SCENES FROM DRAG-HUNTING.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 936.]

The Christmas Number

OF

Harper's Weekly,

Published December 2d, in a Special Cover, will be a Fiction Number, and will contain New and Illustrated Short Stories by Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, *and* John Kendrick Bangs. *It will be filled with Illustrations appropriate to the season by* A. B. Frost, Frederic Remington, *and* Rufus F. Zogbaum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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PUBLISHED
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NECESSARY LEGISLATION.

STATE Senator Saxton, of New York, who has been the especial champion of ballot reform, says: "It seems to me that the recent elections make it evident that honest elections and honest election laws are the great issues of the day. The ballot law must be purified, and the corrupt practices act strengthened. Besides, we must pass the amendment to the Constitution transferring disputed election cases from the Legislature to the courts." Senator Saxton states clearly and concisely the chief reform measures that should engage the Legislature this winter. His remarks recall the fact that the main object of good citizens at present is to secure greater political honesty. Tariff reform, ballot reform, civil service reform, the corrupt practices act, and the judicial decision of disputed elections are all efforts to obtain an honest expression of the popular will. The pressing and vital necessity of such measures is shown by the situation in the two largest States at the late election. In Pennsylvania the substantial question was whether the party control under which the most extensive frauds have been accomplished should be approved, and it was approved by an immense majority; and in New York the defeated candidate and a large part of the press that supported him allege that the result was due to wholesale bribery, or, as Mr. Platt is reported as saying, "The Democrats merely bought their triumph for cash."

The general belief that in a hotly contested and important election both parties buy as many votes as they can raise money to pay for reveals a situation which all sensible men desire to correct. The extraordinary growth of the public sentiment in favor of ballot reform, and the passage of ballot reform laws in State after State, show the general consciousness of the extreme venality of elections, and the readiness to try a remedy. The practically open sale of judgeships by Tammany Hall, as illustrated in the recent statements of Judge Pryor and Judge Ingraham, show how far this cancer has eaten its way. There was no doubt of the election of both these candidates, yet one of them paid $10,000 and the other $7000 to Tammany Hall for what its chief boss, Mr. Croker, facetiously calls "the legitimate expenses" of the election. Judge Pryor himself, however, calls it an "assessment," which he says that he could ill afford to pay, and that it is an outrage which should be stopped. The first step in stopping it is to remove all excuse for assessing candidates for money to pay "legitimate expenses," and to require of the Crokers and Quays who receive the money to swear to a detailed and itemized statement of its expenditure. To secure this result Governor Hill's dodge of the paster should be abolished, and the corrupt practices act extended.

This last measure Governor Hill himself has recommended, probably upon the ground that the Republican bribery fund was the larger. But it would be very difficult to show that any party organization but Tammany ever levied such immense assessments upon candidates. The Republican "fat-frying" process of 1888 was pressure applied to vast interests which for their own advantage could afford liberal gifts much more easily than salaried officers. The reform of the protective system, which stimulates this enormous contribution to dishonest politics, is not the least imperative among those which solicit general public attention. But if Senator Saxton can induce his party in this State to press unitedly the three measures which he mentions, it is not probable that the whole Democratic force in the Legislature would care to unite itself against them. The elaborate Democratic deliverance upon the subject in the State Convention shows the consciousness that effective ballot reform is a measure which the sentiment of the State demands, and Mr. Flower's equally elaborate and evasive letter just before the election showed his consciousness that the reform could not be wisely resisted, although it showed with equal clearness that the force which supported him did not desire it. Indeed, Mr. Croker, in his *World* interview, frankly discloses his view, which is that of the power which he represents—"I do not think that the city or the State should be compelled to pay for even the official ballots." We trust that Mr. Saxton will lose no time in proposing his measures.

REPUBLICAN HOPES OF DEMOCRATIC FOLLY.

Mr. Frederic Taylor, a public-spirited merchant of New York, who is not in the ordinary sense a politician, although he takes the active part in politics which becomes every good citizen, has written a very interesting and suggestive letter upon the political situation. Mr. Taylor is a Republican and a protectionist of the Henry Clay school. But he cannot be blind or indifferent to the signs of the times, and his letter itself is one of those signs. In the late campaign in the State Mr. Taylor made an eloquent and weighty speech at the last great Republican meeting in the New York Music Hall, and his letter tends to explain in some degree the defeat of the party to which he belongs and which he sought to serve.

It does this by disclosing the fact that there is a very large body of Republicans who distrust the tendencies of their own party. They are necessarily lukewarm and even indifferent; and the key to the indifference of the vast body of rural Republicans in New York, whose neglect to vote defeated the Republican candidate, is, as Mr. Taylor states it, although in a different way, their opposition to extreme protection and to boss rule. This feeling is so strong, that to the argument against Tammany, such Republicans replied, "Tom Platt is just as bad"; and to the argument that next year is a Presidential election, they answered, "We don't like revising the tariff up," as Mr. Taylor puts it. This is a sign of the times well worth heeding. The McKinley protectionists assume that protection is a good in itself, a wise and permanent national policy. But what may be called the Garfield protectionists hold that it is a wise policy only when temporary and "ultimating in free trade." This is not, perhaps, Mr. Sherman's view. But Mr. Sherman evidently does not regard the result of the Ohio election as a simple victory for the McKinley tariff principle. He is inclined to explain it otherwise, and to anticipate, if not to prefer, the currency as the main issue next year.

These are indications that if the Republican platform of next year should declare absolutely for the McKinley tariff and principle, and marshal its voters under the familiar bosses, there would be a large body of Republicans who will feel as the rural Republicans in New York felt this year before election, and as Mr. Taylor's letter shows that other Republicans felt after election. But the Republican vote of Pennsylvania shows no disposition to discard Quay, the most notorious of the Republican bosses, and there is little probability that the party pride of the Convention will permit anything but a strong approval of the McKinley policy. As the year draws to a close, therefore, the chief Republican hope for the next year is the folly of the Democrats. The new Democrats, like Boies, Russell, and Campbell, have by no means superseded the old Bourbon Democratic leaders. Tammany Hall is more powerful than at any time since the fall of Tweed. Mr. Cleveland was originally nominated not as a representative Democrat, but as a candidate who would attract disaffected Republicans. Even so uncompromising a Democratic paper as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* thinks its great party majority in the House dangerous. That is what Republicans believe, and on that danger they rest their hopes.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

The threatened displacement of Mr. Sherman as Senator from Ohio by Mr. Foraker has elicited an expression of opinion throughout the country which cannot fail of a decided effect upon the result. It may not suffice to secure the election of Mr. Sherman, but it will certainly show to Ohio Republicans the opinion held in all parties out of the State of the possible election of Mr. Foraker. Mr. Foraker is reported to have said that Ohio Republicans know their own business, and are entirely capable of attending to it. But this remark omits the fact that the membership of the Senate of the United States is the business of the whole country. The withdrawal of Mr. Edmunds is not the concern of Vermont alone, it is a national loss. The withdrawal of a man of the great public ability and experience and intelligence of Mr. Sherman would take from the Senate a personality which belongs to the whole country, and a Senator whose influence upon the legislation which is likely to engage the attention of Congress would be of the highest value. If Mr. Sherman, like Mr. Edmunds, had declined to return to the Senate, the whole country would have reason to regret it. From a party point of view, and in the competition for public favor, when the Democratic party of New York have contributed Governor Hill to the Senate, would it be "good politics" for the Republican party of Ohio to send Mr. Foraker instead of Senator Sherman?

The general interest in Mr. Sherman, however, is not a party interest. It is the kind of national pride which is felt in public men of proved service and conspicuous ability. This is acknowledged in the case of Mr. Sherman. He is indeed a strong party man, and he has often given up to party what was meant for the country. But his long public service has been that of a man who is indeed a partisan, but much more. Upon questions of finance, when discussed upon general principles, and not for a party purpose, no vision is clearer and no judgment sounder than that of Senator Sherman. Were he President there would be no fear that unwise and crude financial legislation would become law. Upon all such questions, so far as true and safe views are involved, he is easily the leader of the Senate, and were the question of his Republican successor to be left to the vote of intelligent men of all parties in other States, animated only by a patriotic feeling, Mr. Sherman would be overwhelmingly preferred.

Is it proposed to supersede him by an abler man, a sounder statesman, of longer experience, of larger intelligence, of ampler equipment? Without detracting from Mr. Foraker's qualifications, has his career made it evident that Ohio and the country would be more effectively served by him than by Mr. Sherman? Does his party think to commend itself more to general respect and confidence by substituting Mr. Foraker for Mr. Sherman? It is true that Mr. Sherman has been long in public life. But is that an objection to his continuance in it? He has served more than one term as Senator. Is that a reason why he should not serve another? He has no vested right in the office of Senator. Has he ever asserted such a right, and is a singularly efficient and experienced servant properly dismissed because he has no vested right in his place? The reelection of Mr. Sherman under the circumstances is a national interest. But it involves very much more than a personal result.

INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior is a very interesting document. It discusses at some length, and with knowledge and intelligence, the question of citizenship, which can be avoided no longer, and it asks of Congress a definite determination of the actual political status of the Indians as a basis of wise legislation and a satisfactory administration of Indian affairs. This is indispensable, for the old fiction that wandering Indian tribes are nations, and to be dealt with on that footing, is now wholly impracticable. Within the last few years not only has the rapid extension of the frontier of civilization changed the whole situation, but the sudden growth of public interest in the Indian question, and the development of an intelligent public opinion on the subject, have produced a distinct demand for a reasonable and becoming policy in the treatment of the Indians. The injustice and the corruption of the course pursued toward them for many years were due very largely to the almost universal public ignorance and profound indifference.

This is now changed, and the impulse which led to the organized public interest in the subject, which the organization in turn stimulated, has resulted in wise Congressional action and a careful consideration of the true policy, of which the present report of the commissioner is a striking illustration. Upon an instructive historical review of the political status of the Indian, Commissioner Morgan concludes that the Indians have been always regarded as separate communities holding exceptional relations to the general government, with which alone they dealt. They have now ceased to be regarded as independent peoples, and have come to be regarded as wards of the government, and the purpose of the government is now evidently to change them from wards into citizenship. During the period of transition, and until their citizenship shall be completed, they must be regarded as subject to the laws of the country, and under the care of the government. To this end laws and courts should be established among them, assimilated to those of the State or Territory in which the reservation is situated, and the courts should be based upon the existing system of Indian courts. The Indians should no longer be treated as people competent to make war, but as dependent people capable of riot and insurrection, and for the promotion of the general welfare the government should establish schools and compel attendance; for where the Indians have taken lands in severalty they are prohibited from alienating them for twenty-five years, and being exempted from taxation for that time, their children are excluded from the public schools.

Commissioner Morgan also suggests whether the time may not be near when the five civilized tribes may be enabled to form a State or Territorial government and be represented in Congress, and he is of opinion that the time has come when, as contemplated by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Pueblo Indians should be admitted to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States. There are many other important suggestions in the report, as, for instance, that the mixed system of church schools should be merged in the national system, and the Indian school officers included in the classified civil service. The schools, says the commissioner, "have been largely removed from the sphere of politics, and rendered strictly non-sectarian and non-partisan. It is confidently believed that this action will secure a higher grade of teaching talent and increased efficiency in the entire school service."

PROTECTING GOVERNMENT EMPLOYÉS.

There is a law of the United States which provides

> "that no person shall in any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties by any officer or employé of the United States mentioned in this act, or in any navy-yard, fort, or arsenal, solicit in any manner whatever or receive any contribution of money or any other thing of value for any political purpose whatever."

This is a law which politicians and members of party committees hold to be a sop to political lunatics, but really intended not to be enforced. Two years ago the president of the Old Dominion Republican League, in Washington, holding this view, solicited such contributions under such circumstances. The Civil Service Commission interested itself in the enforcement of the law, and in April, 1890, the offending president was indicted. The administration seemed to be disposed to let the matter rest, but this autumn the case was brought to trial, and the president of the league demurred that the law did not make the acts unlawful, and if it did, it was an unconstitutional act, and his counsel contended that the indictment was fatally defective because it did not specify that government employés were solicited.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District delivered the unanimous opinion of the court, declining to sustain the demurrer. The court holds that the prohibition is a reasonable exercise of the power of Congress to regulate the conduct of persons in government buildings, and that the indictment was sufficient, although it did not specify that the persons solicited were government employés. The section of the act did not infringe upon the guaranteed rights and immunities of citizens, and was not unconstitutional. The fact that the other section of the act relating to political assessments mentioned specifically government employés, and the section in question did not, showed a purpose on the part of Congress to make solicitation from any person, whether a government employé or not, unlawful within any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties by any employé of the United States.

This is a very important opinion. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of General N. M. Curtis held that the law forbidding government employés to solicit from each other was constitutional, but this opinion forbids all solicitations of money for political purposes within government buildings. As Commissioner Thompson says, this will practically stop public assessments, and leave public employés the same liberty which other citizens enjoy of giving or not giving, at their pleasure. This would be a happy advance from the situation a few years since, when, to a remonstrance against the outrage of such assessments, the Collector of New York answered, "If any clerk does not wish to give, there are fifty applicants ready to take his place, with all the encumbrances." The president of the Old Dominion League, who is fighting the battle of the spoils system against an honest, self-respecting, and efficient public service, has applied for a writ of error, to prevent if possible the trial of the case, in which he cannot hope for acquittal. The case is further important, like Secretary Tracy's recent emancipation of the navy-yards from the spoilsmen, as showing the sure and steady progress of this beneficent reform.

AN APPEAL TO WHITE AMERICANS.

The wrong of which Mr. Downing speaks in the subjoined paper is universally known, but the feeling of those whom it most deeply affects is little considered. It will be but slowly corrected, because of the conditions from which it springs. But one such fervent appeal will be of some service to a righteous end.

108 Bellevue Avenue,
Newport, R. I., *November* 6, 1891.

Respected Sir,—The colored man's struggle, lately dubbed "The Negro Problem," has a side seldom discussed. White friends at the North who talk of freedom and equality before the law read of the wrong done the colored people of the South, and justly appeal to Heaven. They exclaim, "My God! my God!" but do not seem to realize that great injustice is being done the colored man daily in the North, and that this injustice encourages abuses in the South against which they protest. In fact, the outraging in question differs in the North from that of the South only in degree.

The colored man in the North is almost invariably discriminated against; his life is made miserable; his is a soured and embittered existence. It matters not if he be industrious, educated, and scrupulously law-abiding. The contempt manifested discourages, depresses, and embarrasses. I am under the harrow, and know whereof I affirm. This crushing iniquity shuts the colored man out from thrifty and elevating pursuits; from your factories, your workshops, sales-rooms, from dignified callings, from positions in political parties that command respect. Professing followers of the meek and lowly Jesus proscribe him invidiously. It is seen in their holy sanctuaries. Let me impress upon you that all of this outraging stimulates to the abuse of colored men in the South. It is held up by the South as an offset to the North's invocations and exclamations denunciatory of the South. Let the North wash its hands of the too general iniquity, and the South would sooner fall into line.

Education and refinement, with the consequent sensitiveness that go along therewith—both of which are possessed by the colored man of to-day—cause him to realize painfully, acutely, the injustice he encounters at every turn. He does so with feelings that should have no place in the breast of any human being. This is to me a keenly felt reality. It would not be so hard if the colored people were completely degraded and debased. But is it not cruel to throw open your schools and colleges to them, to inspire them with your daily talk as to rights and entitlements, unless you intend to have regard for the resultant feelings upon their part?

I can see the bosoms of a hundred thousand men and women of the North swell and heave. I can hear a hundred thousand and more voices exclaim, "Mr. Downing, you speak correctly; great injustice is being done to the colored man in the North and in the South." But here they rest. I feel that they are thus moved, for I am persuaded that deep down in the breast of my fellow-countrymen a sense of justice has its abode. Let me appeal to that sense of justice, to that hundred thousand and more, and entreat the multitude, in the name of fair play, of justice, of the genius of our institutions, of the character and laws of our government, of the professed Christianity of the land, not to rest, but to be troubled about the injustice, to be aggressively active in efforts to free the North from the deep disgrace that dishonors her, that assists in making outrages decent in other parts of the country.

George T. Downing.

THE HORSE SHOW.

The great horse show at Madison Square Garden is a fashionable entertainment, and attracted this year, as usual, a large crowd. There are always fine horses to be seen there, but the chief impression of all such exhibitions is profound regret that such noble animals are often if not generally so ignobly and ignorantly treated. Doubtless it was the daily spectacle of the abuse of horses which stimulated Henry Bergh to the great service which has justly made his name renowned. But the guilt of the abuse is not confined to draymen and teamsters. The ignorance and indifference of wealth and fashion to the treatment of horses are quite as conspicuous, and for obvious reasons much more unpardonable.

The horse, which is one of the most sensitive and delicate of animals, is greatly to be commiserated as he appears in the fashionable drive of Central Park. He is treated as a part of the show of the parade, and he is at the mercy of the owner, who buys horses not because he likes them or knows anything about them, but because he must have an equipage, and he abandons them to the care of grooms and coachmen, whose sole aim is to produce a more "swell" effect than their rivals. For a "stylish" effect the horse is robbed of his natural ornament and defence, and is checked and trussed and tortured by a harness which encumbers his natural action and forces him into an artificial "gait." Human knowledge and skill directed to an auxiliary animal like the horse should aim to develop his natural aptitudes. He should be treated as a humane and skilful gardener treats a tree in our modern landscape-gardening, not as a tree was maltreated by the false and morbid taste of two centuries ago.

Such remarks do not apply to the lovers of horses who care for them with sympathy and intelligence, who comprehend their practical helplessness and acknowledge their faithful service. Such lovers permit in their stables no "fashions" invented by ignorant and inhuman grooms to produce "stylish action" to impress similar ignorance and folly. In such a show as that which has just closed in the Madison Square Garden it is by no means the "showiest" horses which please the true lover. It is the animal whose appearance is not determined by a transitory "fad" of style, but which reveals the affection, the knowledge, and the thoughtful care of the owner. The worst result of such an exhibition is its tendency to confirm ignorance and carelessness in the abuse of horses in order to give them what the same ignorance and carelessness call style.

PERSONAL.

Baron Hirsch, the rich Austrian rival of the Rothschilds, whose charities to the persecuted Russian Jews have made his name better known on this side of the Atlantic than even his enormous wealth, is a very lavish entertainer, but personally most abstemious. He spreads a liberal table for his guests, but eats only the plainest food himself, and drinks but little wine. It is his invariable rule to retire to bed before eleven, leaving his company to their own amusements for the rest of the night.

—Canon Duckworth, of Westminster Abbey, is said to owe his place in ecclesiastical life and his favor in royal eyes to a slight act of courtesy to the Princess of Wales. The scene of his graceful gallantry was at Oxford, a number of years ago, when the Princess, on her way with the Prince and a party of friends to embark in a barge on the river, became separated from the others, and stood at the river-side alone and irresolute. A young man who happened to be near by saw her dilemma, and stepping forward assisted her to embark. The Prince, who arrived a moment later, thanked him. Dean Liddell, who was in the royal train, noted his gallantry, and within a few years the youth was a favorite with royalty and well on his way to preferment in the Church. Now he is Canon of Westminster.

—The cottage in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" is still standing in an ancient little English village within easy reach of London. It is a small gabled house of four rooms, the outside plastered, but with the blackened beams showing through. In the rear is the garden through which the poet walked. Within the house everything has been arranged just as he left it—the tables on which he wrote, the stools on which he sat, and the hearth before which he felt the genial glow of the fire, even though he could not see it.

—The juicy Concord grape takes its name from the town of Emerson and Thoreau, where it was originally cultivated, and where Ephraim Bull, the man who first grew it for the table, is still living, a veteran of eighty-five years. Mr. Bull found the grape growing wild near Concord, in 1843, and after a series of experiments in improving and domesticating it, he succeeded in bringing to market the perfected grape as it is known to-day.

—A mulatto servant named Robert Stith, who died in St. Louis recently, had been employed for many years as "hat man" in a hotel, where his surprising memory enabled him to furnish every guest who left the dining-room with his proper head-gear. Though many attempts were made to entrap him, he never made a mistake. His curious gift recalls that of a mediæval librarian named Mogliabecchi, who knew the exact place on the shelf of every book in the libraries of Europe.

—Cardinal Manning, who, at more than eighty years, is one of the hardest-working men in England, is likewise one of the most kindly. His manner is as simple and unaffected as that of the poorest missionary priest, and his hold on the affection of the common people of Protestant England is greater than that of even the Archbishop of Canterbury. Up to a few years ago it was his custom to preach twice on Sunday, and during the week he was always busily engaged until late at night.

—Mrs. Evans, the new "Lady Mayoress," as her official designation goes, of London, was at one time a chambermaid in a country hotel in a small Kentish town, where her future husband, then a London Alderman, used to spend his winters. Her married life has been most happy, and she is now a woman of grace, dignity, and intelligence.

—Domenico Nocchia, an old brigand and murderer, who had spent sixty years in prison, was recently liberated in Italy. He is eighty-three years old, and four murders, and robberies amounting to over a million francs, are credited to him.

—Among the Freshmen at Williams College is Prince Besolow, the son of an African chief, who is fitting himself for missionary work in his native land.

—Patti, in her Welsh castle, still keeps alive the almost obsolete custom of ringing a curfew bell. When the diva is ready to retire for the night she presses an electric button, and a gong rings through the castle the signal "lights out" for the entire household. This is the curfew very much "up to date."

—The late King of Würtemberg was very stout, as was his grandfather, the first king of the Würtemberg family, who had so great a girth at the waistcoat that he could not reach his plate when at dinner, and it became necessary for his accommodation to cut a semicircular piece out of the table at the place where he sat.

—The costly palace which the Empress of Austria has had constructed at Corfu to gratify her whim for a new home is one of the most luxurious as well as one of the most curious buildings in Europe. It is a reproduction on an enlarged scale and with modern appliances of one of the patrician dwellings of Pompeii. The frescoes on the wall, illuminated by incandescent electric lamps half hidden in the foliage of the friezes, represent scenes from the mythological legends relating to Achilles, and on the walls are inscribed proverbs and apothegms, some of them borrowed from Lord Lytton's works. The furniture is strictly Pompeiian in design.

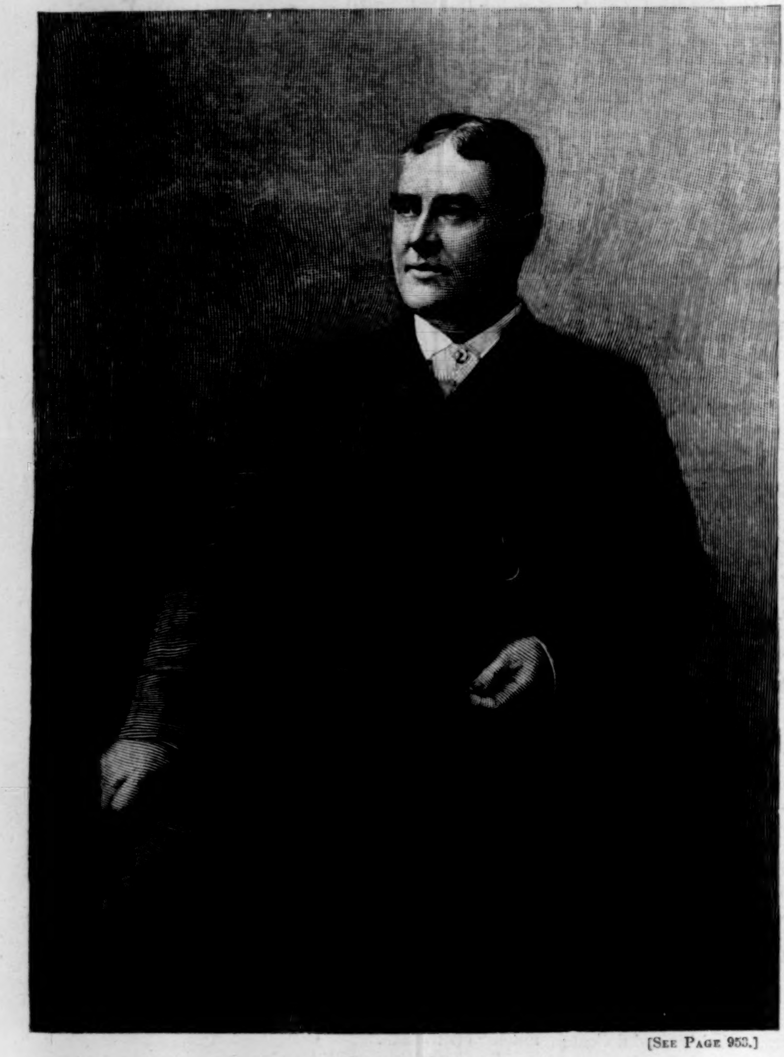
—General Booth's daughter, "La Maréchale," who is in command of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland, and is now proselyting in this country, is a tall, slender, and very graceful girl, with a fresh English face, to which the blue bonnet of her order lends an additional attractiveness. She possesses an indomitable spirit, as was shown by the influence she exerted over the rough *canaille* of Paris who attended her meetings. Altogether, she is a most picturesque character for the nineteenth century—a Joan of Arc in time of peace.

—Alphonse Daudet, the famous French novelist, who is reported to be dying, is one of the "shaggy men," as Henry Ward Beecher called them, who, like the Abbé Liszt, Beecher himself, Edward Eggleton, Professor Swing, Ibsen, and General Roger Pryor, have shown that the wearing of long hair is not necessarily a sign of a weak intellect. Daudet's head is so thickly covered with a luxuriant growth of untrimmed hair, which falls over his shoulders, that his temples and ears are entirely concealed.

—The much-mooted question of the birthplace of Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been settled by the discovery of the proper documents which show that the great actress was born in the noted Latin Quarter of Paris. Her mother was a poor Jewess, of German parentage, who kept a millinery shop in an humble building near the house in which Charlotte Corday assassinated Marat.

—Ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish is passing his declining years in his historic home on the Hudson, nearly opposite West Point. Though eighty-three years of age, a year older than Gladstone or Tennyson, like them he shows no sign of mental or physical failing. John Russell Young, who visited him recently, says that, except for a slight imperfection in the Secretary's walk, he could see no change in him since 1882. His mind is keen and active, his memory unclouded, and his conversation most interesting.

—The steep hill down which Putnam made his famous escape from the Indians is occasionally pointed out to visitors to Greenwich, Connecticut. The main road runs at one side of it, and the people on whose property it is have built a stable on the other side. Putnam's home and this historic spot are unmarked in any way, although the towns-people have just erected the conventional stone monument to their fellow-townsmen who died in the late war. There are enough millionaires in Greenwich to put up at least a brass plate to this old Revolutionary hero.



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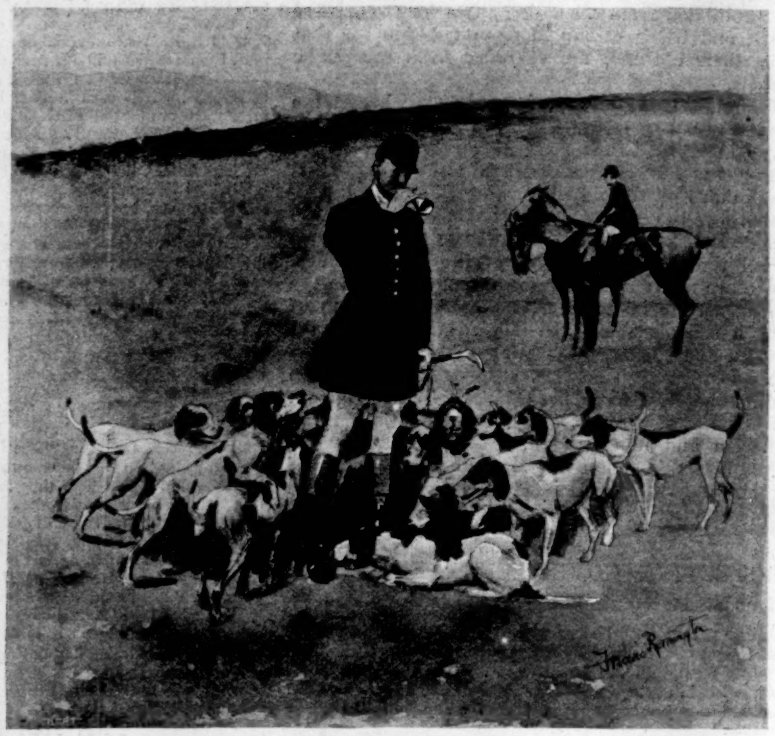


SCENE FROM DRAG-HUNTING—THE FINISH.—[See Front Page.]

DRAG-HUNTING.

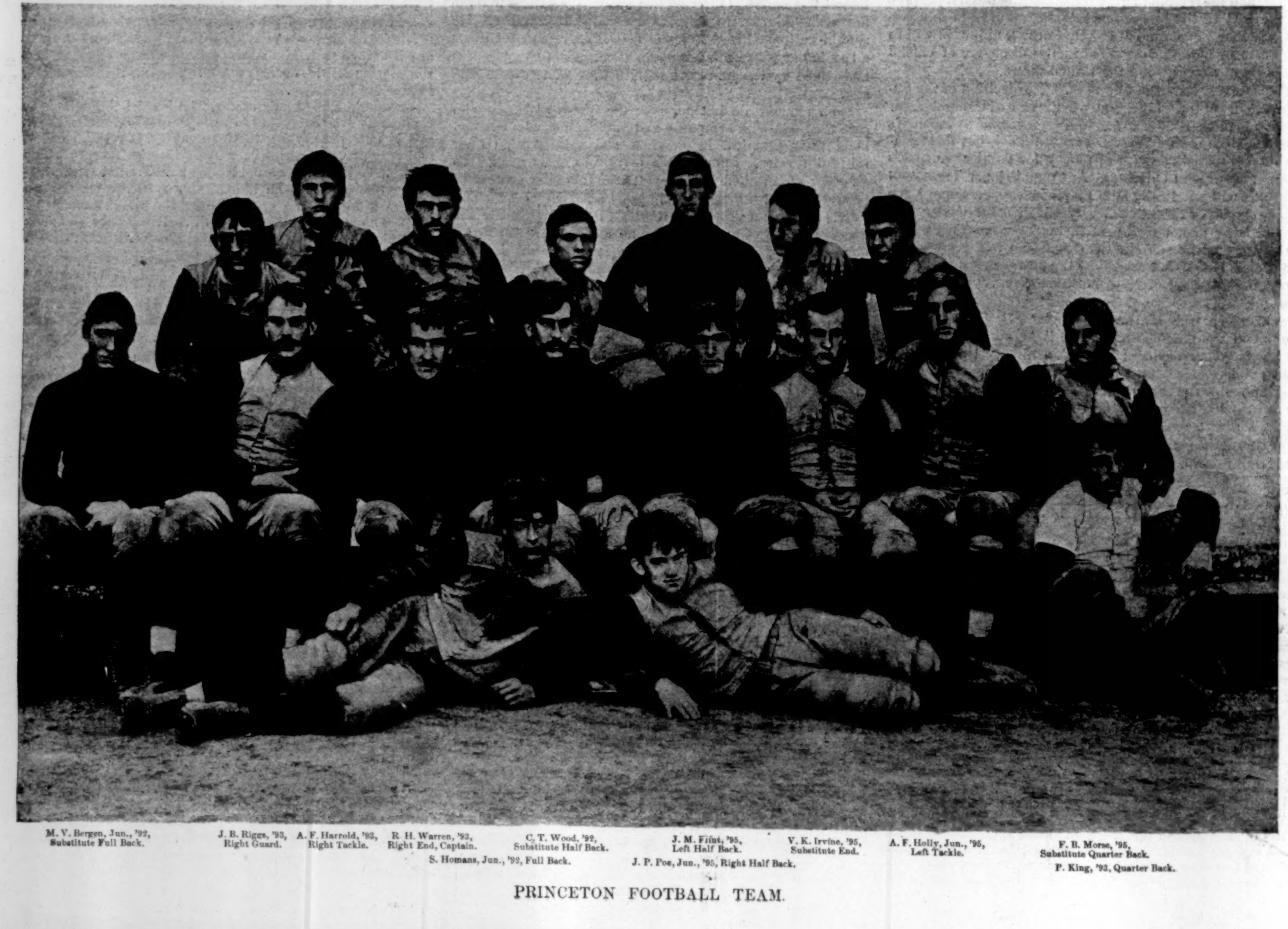
The ignorance displayed about drag-hunting by most people is sufficient excuse for the ridicule they delight in heaping upon it. Few outside of the hunting "set" realize the work attendant upon conducting a drag-hunt, while those who do not understand it, or who take no interest in sports, speak contemptuously of the "aniseseed bag." Did they but know it, that very expression betrays their lack of knowledge of the subject they so freely criticise. If such scoffers appreciated the judgment and work required to produce the artificiality which they ridicule, they might consider it worthy of something besides sneers. In this article I shall devote myself to those uninitiated.

I shall not speak of a country that has been regularly hunted by some pack of hounds. Such runs are well established, but a few deviations from the accustomed route are necessary now and then to avoid land that is no longer useful for their purpose. I shall suppose a Master taking his hounds to a country with which he is not familiar, and that may not have been previously hunted over. If he intends hunting twice a week, say Wednesdays and Saturdays, desires to show good sport without accidents, and attends to his duties conscientiously, he will find his time fully occupied.

He must first ascertain in what direction there is open country, then drive to that point, taking with him a man who subsequently will drive the drag wagon. After obtaining a general idea of the lay of the land, he chooses a definite line of country for his first run, and calls the driver's attention to any prominent landmarks or roads which he must remember for the next day's work. He decides where he will "throw in" the hounds, choosing, if possible, an open field that admits

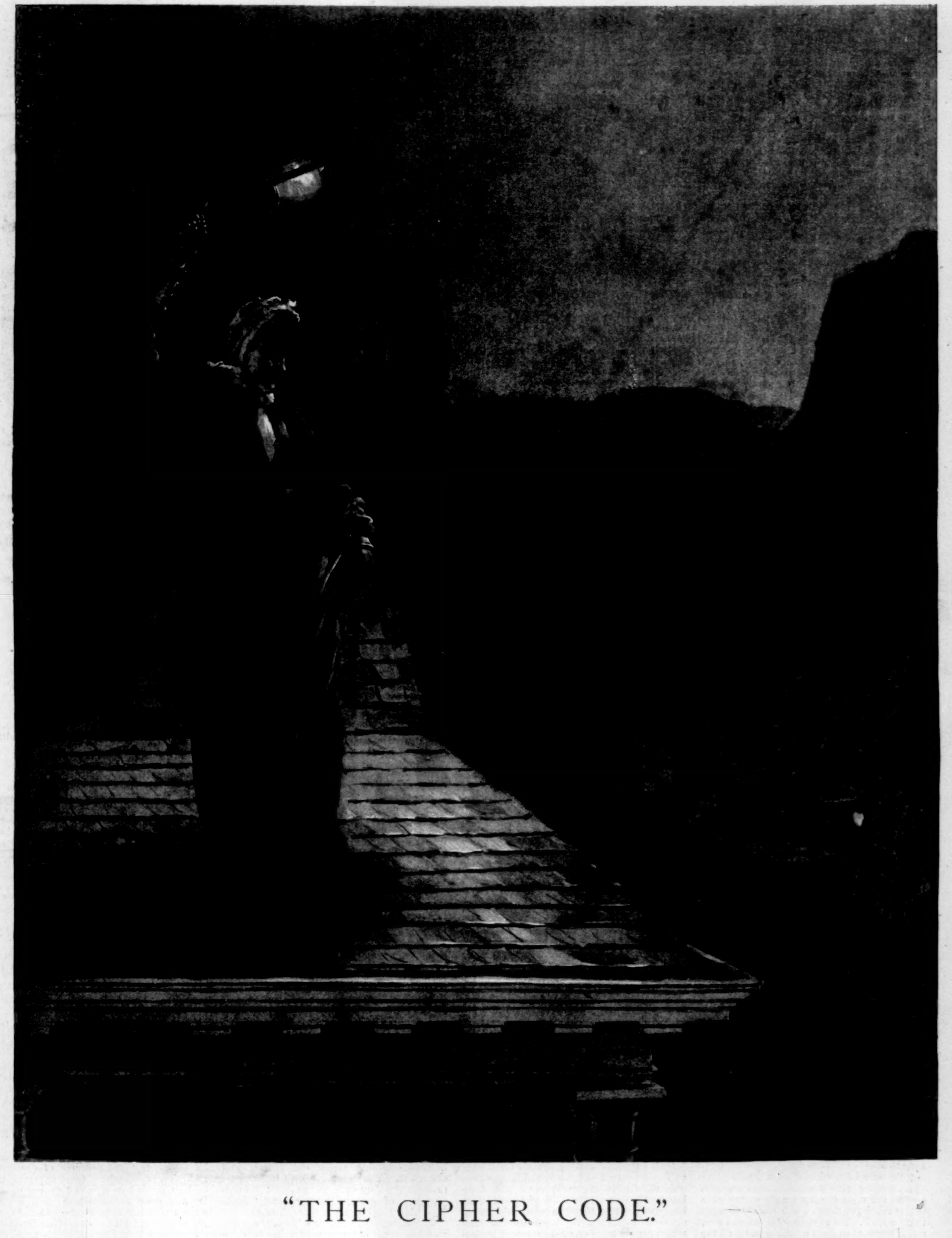
(*Continued on page 939.*)

A. L. Wheeler, '95, Left Guard. J. C. McFarlan, '95, Substitute Guard. J. G. Symmes, '92, Centre. H. Vincent, Jun., '94, Left End. G. H. Dowkontt, '95, Substitute Tackle. P. H. Davis, '93, Substitute Tackle. W. H. Fulper, '95, Substitute Half Back.



M. V. Bergen, Jun., '92, Substitute Full Back. J. B. Riggs, '93, Right Guard. A. F. Harrold, '93, Right Tackle. R. H. Warren, '93, Right End, Captain. C. T. Wood, '92, Substitute Half Back. S. Homans, Jun., '92, Full Back. J. M. Flint, '95, Left Half Back. J. P. Poe, Jun., '95, Right Half Back. V. K. Irvine, '95, Substitute End. A. F. Holly, Jun., '95, Left Tackle. F. B. Morse, '95, Substitute Quarter Back. P. King, '93, Quarter Back.

PRINCETON FOOTBALL TEAM.



"THE CIPHER CODE."

BY PLEASANT A. STOVALL.

I.

A CROWD had gathered in the government building in Knoxville one morning in January, 1881. There were men of all ages and conditions—old and middle-aged, the maimed and halt—waiting for the payment of quarterly pensions. Every year a large sum of money is disbursed to ten thousand old soldiers of the army of the republic in East Tennessee.

The status of the people in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina during the civil war was anomalous. Families were divided, and brothers were ranged on opposite sides. There were sturdy Confederates and stout Union men in every town. Some fought under Longstreet, while their neighbors opposed them under Burnside. As a class, the natives were plain men, with strong friendships and implacable hatreds. They carried their convictions in hair-triggers, and backed their politics with squirrel rifles. These men were sure shots, and belonged to the kind called "dead game."

In this group of people waiting their turn at the pension office was an elderly lady, accompanied by an attractive young girl. A brown checked dress, neatly made but not ornately trimmed, reached to the ankle of the little maiden, while a white Shaker bonnet, worn in spite of the severity of the season, had just been removed, disclosing a shapely head, with auburn curls, pale complexion, and brown eyes. The hair was wavy, while the mouth, remarkably expressive, was large and firm and kindly. She smiled in answer to a remark of the elder lady, but did not open her lips. Essie Taylor had a way of smiling through her eyes, while her mouth remained closed more firmly. Finally, when the face did break, and her pretty teeth were disclosed, the effect was electrical.

This at least was the opinion of the young district attorney, who came up at the moment, after settling some detail in Mrs. Lease's application for a pension. He was not so immersed in government business as to be blind to the charms of the mountain girl.

"Yes, I have seen Miss Essie at the high school here," he said, pleasantly, in response to Mrs. Lease's introduction. "I am sorry to hear that this is her last term in Knoxville."

When had this well-looking young attorney seen her at her books, and how did he know she was not coming back to school?

Miss Estherina Taylor, sixteen and spinster, was not a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. She had come up to the pension office to accompany an old friend who was collecting a little amount due her. Essie was a resident of Grainger County, forty miles away, and had for the past year been attending the public school in the city. Once or twice she had come up with Mrs. Lease upon this errand, and had been impressed with the snugness and significance of the pension

"I want to ask, Mrs. Lease," said Essie, as the officer and that lady were closing up their business, "why doesn't some one pay the other side a pension?"

"What do you mean, Essie?" gasped the old lady, almost ready to faint at the idea of having her own income divided.

"Oh, I was only thinking wouldn't it be nice to have the government look after everybody injured by the war? There was my father, Mrs. Lease," the girl went on, with rare unconsciousness. "He was a good soldier, you know. General Longstreet said so. Why couldn't the Lord make a plan to look after the defeated as well as the others?" When Essie was really in earnest, and felt her own efforts fail, she frequently called on the Lord. It was natural that Providence should be invoked to supply the pension deficiency. "It isn't that I care, you know. I can take care of myself. But mother's getting old—she must be nearly sixty—and it would brighten her life to have a pension on my father's account."

As the young girl said this a tear stood in the brown eye. The lawyer had smiled at the thought of this little witch "taking care of herself." He turned away after she had finished her sentence, and the old man sitting across the office laid down his paper and wiped his spectacles.

Mrs. Lease was now aware that Essie's manner was making a sensation, so she got ready to take her out, lest the expression of so much "sedition" might disturb the flow of the quarterly stipend.

But Essie was thoroughly ingenuous. "You see," she said, turning to the attorney and the old gentleman, "the war is over. Our country, the people say, can afford to forgive and forget, and the best way to make everybody feel comfortable would be to look after the poor widows and brave old soldiers on both sides."

Essie had a great idea of "making people feel comfortable." Hers was a helpful little soul, and her mission seemed to be to assist people in getting along in the world. In fact, she was willing to go before the country on a new issue of fraternity and bounty. The old gentleman who had heard the latter part of the conversation was tall and spare, with long neck, sloping shoulders, and thin beard. His keen gray eyes kindled under the talk of the girl, and after he had transacted his business with his nephew, who was district attorney, he left the room.

II.

The little vale which stretched out at the base of Clinch Mountain had been freshened by a heavy shower. Over on the peaks of Chilhowee the July sun gilded the raindrops, while the distant hills were hidden by the clouds which drifted down the valley of the Holston. The fields were as smooth and fresh as velvet, while bright flowers and tender fern sprays dotted the hill-sides and clustered under the hedges. At the base of the mountain rested an old farm-house, which had been put up with some claims to style in its time. It had two stories—a thing not often seen in that part of the State—and the cornices and hexagon wings had been painted red. The gate was down, and the ground was overrun with weeds. The piazzas were covered with paper bags to protect the grapes from birds.

"Is Thomas going to town to-morrow?" asked the old lady sitting in the doorway. The hair of the speaker was streaked with gray, and the inevitable knitting in her lap disclosed a coarse sock slowly shaping from hose to heel.

"I'm sure I don't know what Tom's going to do, mother. He's so shiftless and uncertain. I don't see what the Lord gave man his superior mind for, when he can't decide what to do with it. Tom might start out to town, and if he were to meet a fishing party on the way, he'd join 'em sure."

The old lady looked up uneasily. The girl was evidently Essie Taylor, taller and browner than when she had been in the pension office six months before. There was the hair of sunlit auburn, smooth at the back of a shapely head, curled and waving at the pale brow. There was the mouth firmly closed as the brown eyes snapped at the thought of her brother's shiftlessness.

"Why wasn't I born a boy, mother?" Essie looked at her parent almost in reproach for this natal mistake. "I wouldn't hold back. Oh, I'd drive and push ahead. There wouldn't be any mortgage on this farm, I can tell you, and people wouldn't be coming over from the hotel making pictures of the broken gate."

Once more tears stood in the brown eyes, and the flexible mouth quivered. Was it sorrow for her fate or anger at the inconsiderate artists who loved the charm of this picturesque spot? Perhaps these visitors came over from Tate Springs to see the young girl under the white Shaker bonnet as she went among the cows or carried in her round white arms her brother Jim's little children up and down the hill.

But Estherina had no notion of being pitied or patronized. The fashionable folk from the Springs liked to look at her. One impudent young fellow had said something about "pretty fingers" while she was tying the grape clusters in brown paper. But Essie did not aspire to be a Maud Muller, or to pose for the admiration of summer travellers.

Her brothers had now driven up the Jerseys, and as Essie repaired to the dairy, she had no time to answer her mother's puzzled looks.

Essie lacked a few months of reaching her seventeenth birthday. She had not lived these years in vain. She was a "sunbeam," her family said; but being a "sunbeam" didn't suit her. She had something of the hardy energy of her mountain ancestors. Her fingers were white, but they were nimble, and her little trim body was perpetual motion. She *could* milk cows, although she said she preferred not being so familiar with them. All the Jerseys knew her, and even the mule colts were more docile when she was around. The neighbors loved her, and as we have already seen, the artists had drawn upon her long hair and Shaker bonnet, and woven them in with the broken gate.

Essie's great grief was the inefficiency of her younger brother. Her father had been killed with General Longstreet's command while guiding it in retreat through the mountains, and the boy, it seems, had never recovered from the shock. Her eldest brother was a widower, and lived with his mother. His little children were at once a care and a comfort to Essie. Jim worked hard, but barely kept the place together. But Tom, who was bright and lazy, had been the disappointment of her life. He had turned his back upon his school-books with the lordly instinct of a mountaineer.

"'Pears like this larnin's nuthin' to me," he remarked, after a year at school; and the teacher did not dispute the point. Tom was good-natured and sensible and tender enough, but there was no intellectual fire under his big slouch hat and tawny hair. He was a fine shot, a clever rider, brave and sincere. He had a perfect genius for trolling in the mountain streams. But it was Tom's talent for sporting which threatened to bring down Essie's auburn curls in silvery sorrow. Essie could not go back to school at Knoxville. Things did not go right at Clinchdale when she was away.

She would make one more appeal to her brother. So the next day she said to him, "Why don't you go down and see about the marble, brother?"

Tom had a worried expression in his eyes, but he could not look at Essie without tenderness. The truth was, Tom had risen early, and curried his horse with unusual care; his own locks showed close attention; for he had promised to attend a melon party at Mineral Hill.

He was broader and taller than his sister. He was a "taking" fellow. His eyes were like his mother's, and his hair had inherited its reddish tinge from his father. His mouth was small, and lacked the sweetness and strength of Essie's.

"Oh, brother, if you would only reflect how poor we are! If you would only be a man, and try to work, or sell the marble quarry to the Northern gentlemen who have settled at Lenoir, maybe you might make a fortune."

Tom smiled at his sister's enthusiasm with masculine superiority. He removed the little hand from his shoulder, and put it to his lips.

"Well, Essie," he said, after some talk, "I'll go. I'll ride over to Morristown to-day. You sha'n't be teasing 'bout the marble any more. I told Jim yesterday 'twasn't no good but to build bridges over the creek, but to please you I'll go. So good-by. Don't worry."

Tom was one of those bright, impulsive natures who carry their sympathies in their hands. He would promise anything to keep a woman from crying, and especially Essie. She had such an earnest, tender way about her.

So it happened that once in his life Thomas Taylor started with business-like gait towards the river. He made more good resolutions than would pave the way to the marble quarry. He framed in words his proposition to the Northern Syndicate—an offer which would have startled even that pretentious concern.

"Hello, Tom!" shouted a voice in the bend of the road. Tom had unconsciously "brought up" with a buggy in which were seated an interesting young couple. "You are in a hurry. You don't often ride that fast even to a picnic."

It was Matilda Cann and George Green, both bound for the melon party.

Now this was too much. If there was one girl Tom liked, even better than Essie, it was Tillie. To see her here side by side with Green was intolerable. If Tillie had been sworn in court, and charged to say which one of these boys she liked the best, she could not have told. Tom did not propose to leave this problem entirely to time and chance. Unconsciously his horse followed the buggy, while Tillie continued to look back over her shoulder.

"The quarry will keep," Tom reasoned, "but Tilly is so uncertain. Oh, well, I'll just go by Mineral Hill, and then I'll drive to town."

Tom's resolutions were becoming complicated, but the truth was a pair of gray eyes and a head of brown curls made up a combination more imposing just then than the millionaires at Lenoir. So when the river was reached, the ferry-boat went over empty, and Tom followed the pleasure party down the wooded glen.

III.

"Yes, I've about decided on it, Walter," said Colonel Lennox. "I want a portion of my lands set aside for the old Confeds. I hope to realize $20,000, and I've determined that 'the boys' shall have a pension or so, themselves. That little one in your office t'other day talked a heap o' sense. Of course I know our boys was agin the gover'ment, and can't draw no money from that quarter, but them that's got it ought to share, and I'm goin' to see 'em through."

"Why, uncle, do you mean—"

"Yes, I mean what I say, boy. There ain't more'n a hundred left o' my ole command. I calculate I can spare 'em $200 apiece this time. You see, Walter, it don't do the boys any good to watch t'other fellows come to Knoxville every quarter and draw their pay. One side votes as he is paid; t'other side vote as they shot. I was with the boys, Walter, as they walked barefooted through Chilhowee, and signalled through Clinchdale to the troops in the valley. I had a mountaineer, you know, Walter, to tote the heavy end of the log all the time."

So old Colonel Lennox wrote a letter to his old Confederate friends. He announced that on a certain day in the latter part of November, down on the river, there would be a reunion of survivors. The mountain men had few chances to eat barbecue and mingle their memories of the four years' fighting, and they accepted the invitation as an announcement of something good. They knew that old man Lennox was a famous host, so nearly a hundred men went down to the Cove. They were there with their rods and rifles, their crutches and sticks. Some walked the whole distance, others rode horseback, and one or two had to be brought on chairs in covered wagons. They were not as young as when they touched elbows at Bean's Station or forded the river with their guns over their heads. But it was a goodly crowd of men, most of them bearing evidences of hard work, and some of them showing signs of poverty itself.

When Colonel Lennox had gathered around him his friends, he said: "Boys, you all fought faithfully during the war. The thing didn't turn out our way, and the gover'ment which would have paid us pensions has gone down. The leaders who stood by the old soldiers of the Army of Virginia and Tennessee are not able to help us. It's all right. I'm not pinin' over the result; but it goes agin the grain, boys, when I see the other fellows a-goin' up to Knoxville every month and a-comin' away with fat checks. I only want to say to you I have put aside from my own means $20,000 for you all, and I have sworn just one time to see my old comrades happy."

"The boys" did not applaud the colonel's speech as they had done his after-dinner talks at an occasional reunion. They sat quietly for a while. One or two men blew their noses violently. There was a mighty hunting for red handkerchiefs, and a good many red eyes in the crowd. Finally some one attempted to express the thanks of the party, but the old colonel wouldn't hear of it. He shook hands all around; and then followed a barbecue, with hard cider, and "the boys" went home. There was comfort and good cheer in a hundred little huts that night in the valley of the Tennessee. It was the evening of Thanksgiving day.

IV.

Walter Lennox had drawn the papers for his uncle's "pension" gifts. He had set aside and sold the best land on the Tennessee River for this purpose, and had himself become much interested in the work. Walter's father had differed in politics and conception of duty from his uncle. He had fought on the Union side during the war, and found himself opposing many old friends and neighbors. The fighting, which had ranged through the Tennessee mountains, had often partaken of guerilla warfare, and "bushwhacking" was common on both sides.

One afternoon, while the lawyer was examining some old war papers, he found a letter written by his father during the progress of Longstreet through the mountains. It was in the nature of an official report, and gave a history of the movements in East Tennessee. It recited that Jacob Lennox had commanded a body of scouts in November, 1863, and that he had intercepted, killed, or captured the guides of Longstreet's army. It appeared from this paper that Jacob Lennox himself had fired upon Thomas Taylor, the chief of these guides, and killed him, and had secured the code of signals used by the Southern army through the mountains in that campaign. This had been of great damage to the Confederate column, for it was only after sharp and bloody skirmishes that Longstreet extricated himself and pushed on through Virginia.

Walter had become fascinated. There was the whole signal code in cipher, with its arcs and circles, its flashes and signs. He studied it as if it had been Egyptian hieroglyphics. One thing stunned him. Who was Thomas Taylor? Could he be related in any way to the interesting little girl whom he had seen in his office, and of whom he had heard so much? When Essie Taylor left school, Lennox had made bold to send her a bouquet, with a little note, on Commencement day. Neither had been acknowledged, and the neighbors said the mountain maiden was a creature of little sentiment. Lennox was disappointed that she had not returned to school. The people at Tate Springs noticed a well built young fellow, with broad brow, smooth face, and gray eyes, on hand one season, but he did not go up to the little square house with red gables on the mountain. Possibly he did not know that Essie lived there.

Lennox had been very much moved by the young girl's earnestness. Apparently she would be a woman of energy and style. He had only been a few years out of Lebanon law school, and had acquired a subtle contempt for the summer girl of fashionable fibre. He was a young man of ability, and his neighbors recognized his gifts by securing for him the United States District Attorneyship. He could not altogether forget the intense, almost tearful face, and once he had come across a little figure in the sketch-book of a friend which he was certain must be Essie's. Lennox was now quite sure he had stumbled over a part of her *family* history.

V.

It is now evident how it happened that Mrs. Thomas Taylor, in January, 1882, came into a "pension" of $200—a larger sum of money than she had seen at any one time since the war. Essie had heard of the survivors' reunion at the house of Colonel Lennox, and of the grateful veterans or their widows who had received the old man's bounty. Her eyes glistened at the story and her heart warmed when she found out that somebody had come to appreciate her father's services.

"Now, mother," said Essie, "I want you to let me manage this money. I want to open the quarry—it won't cost much to begin—then maybe we can get some of those rich men to look into it. It makes all the difference if the mines are being worked. You know Tom's not a success as a developer; perhaps I'll go there myself."

"What do you mean, my daughter?"

"Yes, mother, I think I'll go to Knoxville and hunt up that Lenoir syndicate. It can't hurt me; it may help us all."

So it happened that in a few months there was unusual activity in the marble quarry at Clinchdale. The neighbors said there was red and black marble there, and that if those Taylors had some "get up" about them, they would have worked it long ago.

Essie was as good as her word. She started out to Knoxville one summer day. She went to the home of a friend—for she was pretty well known in the city—and inquired about this Northern syndicate. It happened in the course of the day that she was directed to the law office of Walter Lennox, Esq., who represented the company in their Southern business.

Lennox arose at once from his desk. "Why, Miss Taylor, this is an unexpected pleasure. I was afraid you had left the country."

"Why, no! I haven't any idea of leaving the country. I live there, and I love it."

"Do you love all your neighbors, too? I trust you do."

"Well, I have few neighbors now, you see. Our country is very quiet. No one ever comes to see us."

"That's probably your own fault. You run away from your friends, and leave no trace of your whereabouts."

"Mr. Lennox, I'll tell you. I've come here on this very mission. I'm going to invite a party of gentlemen out to Clinchdale. Doesn't that sound awful?"

"It sounds very well, so far. I hope I shall be one of the favored," he answered.

"I came to you because I thought perhaps you could help me," Essie replied, becoming intensely businesslike.

And then she unfolded in the most direct way her plan to secure the interest of the Lenoir syndicate in the marble mines.

Young Lennox listened, impressed anew by the energy and resource of the young girl. There is nothing more engaging than to be appealed to by a handsome woman. Lennox grew as important as if a client were unfolding a four-thousand-dollar fee. He acknowledged to himself an interest he had never felt in one out of his profession. If the young girl a year agone had charmed him, the maiden now fascinated him. He had never met her but twice. One was by chance; the other was purely a business meeting. Essie had thrown her whole soul into the story. She was talking for the syndicate all unconscious of impressing the lawyer.

"Certainly, Miss Taylor, I shall lay the matter before the directors." There was something more than professional feeling in his voice. "One word," he added, as she arose to go. "Please tell me what your father's name was?"

She looked up quickly. "His name was Thomas Taylor."

Something which Essie noticed swept over his face. She suffered a shock of sadness and surprise at the lawyer's manner: abruptness and depression had followed his easy, hearty way of a few moments before. What could Mr. Lennox want to know about her father, who had been dead seventeen years?

"Oh, well, Miss Taylor, I may have to examine the deeds to the land, you know; that is all."

Altogether Essie was puzzled, but she was not displeased with the effect of her conversation. There was something in the manner of the lawyer which worried her, but he had shown a disposition to help her, and she believed he would.

Lennox, of course, was fired with energy. He had been drawing up a deed for his uncle, who had just sold a large tract of land to this company. He knew they were looking for investments. Possibly they might be induced to visit this marble quarry.

That night Walter mentioned the whole matter to his uncle. Old Colonel Lennox smiled at the young man's enthusiasm.

"That's the same little girl that talked so pert about the pension that day, my boy. I don't wonder that her eloquence moved you. She would carry a whole bench of judges over to her side."

VI.

The Lenoir Development Company in course of a few weeks sent out its representatives to visit the quarry at Clinchdale. It was a clear frosty morning, and the leaves of the mountain-sides were passing through their hues of purple and gold. The peaks towered in blue and black into cloudland; tawny chestnut boughs threw their cracking burrs upon the ground, and brown shadows followed the October gale across the stubble where the fields had buried their summer green. The golden-rod had been succeeded by dogwood blooms, the ferns were close and dead, but nature was in Indian carnival, and the most inspiring season of the year was coming in.

So thought Hon. Walter Lennox, United States District Attorney, who accompanied the prospecting party over the mountain roads. The creaky brake, the jolting hack, the panting mules, the slow-swinging ferry, were no impediments to the young lawyer and pioneer who was piloting a new invasion through the passes of the Alleghany, and who was opening the Northern purse to the charms of the sunny South. The party of practical men alighted at Clinchdale.

The marble quarry showed up well. The experts said so. There were veins of red and black running through the white deposit, and higher up the mountain there were beds of slate. There might be no "boom," but the company concluded to build a railroad through Clinchdale and develop this growing country. No sudden riches loomed up for the Taylors, but time and steady work promised a competency—more than they had realized from their colts and Jerseys. And what was far more important to Lawyer Lennox, Essie was perfectly satisfied.

The young attorney busied himself with papers and deeds for the next three weeks. He made frequent visits to Clinchdale—more often than was necessary, the neighbors said—and a few of the old mountaineers "suspicioned" that the district attorney was hunting up moonshine distillers. There was some commotion among the men in the neighborhood. But the women thought differently. They shrewdly suspected that there was more than marble or moonshine which led the lawyer to ride these rough roads so often.

As for Essie, she was intensely practical. She looked upon herself as the head and shoulders of this wonderful deal. She treated her new-found friend with civility and buoyancy; still she was manifestly unwilling that anything should mar the thorough practicality of this negotiation between the Taylor heirs on the one part and the Lenoir syndicate on the other. But Essie was grateful, deeply grateful, to Mr. Lennox for his warm interest. She was the creature of impulse, after all, and one day when the survey had been completed and the papers signed, by which it was agreed that the family should secure one-half the net proceeds of the quarry, Essie took the young lawyer's hand in all heartiness, and said:

"It is so good in you. How can I ever pay you?"

"Essie," he said, before he knew it, "I have done this for you because I like you. I would willingly do anything I could. You interested me when I first saw you. Now will you let me confess to a deeper and a stronger feeling?"

He paused a moment, and the hand he held trembled, but did not withdraw. He could not see the earnest brown eyes which had come to be his inspiration, they were turned away, but a crimson flush flamed up the graceful neck to the little curls, and the slender foot beat nervously on the ground.

"But, Essie, I must tell you one thing. It is nothing but right that you should know who I am. I am the son of the man who killed your father in Chilhowee Mountain."

"Killed my father!" the girl gasped, struggling away from him. The hand he had held turned to stone, and ashen pallor had frozen the crimson flush. Her brown eyes blazed, and her figure quivered like an aspen. "Mr. Lennox, how do you know? How dare you tell me this?"

"Because I love you, Essie. I might have kept the secret. Such memories are harrowing and useless now, and you might never have heard of it; but I would have despised myself and been unworthy of your love."

"Of my love!" she repeated, with a shudder.

"Well, your confidence, then, Essie. I know it's all over with me now. But remember it was in warfare that the men met. It might have been the other way. Oh! that war was more terrible here than anywhere else, because it often raged between friends and neighbors, even brothers. I have looked out this whole thing. Your father led the retreat of Longstreet's men over the mountain. He had conducted a detachment through the defile, and was signalling to the main corps in the language of the torch code."

"Oh, I've seen the cipher of the code, and have signalled to my brothers out hunting," she said, with bitterness. "I know, I know!"

"Well, he had waved to the right, then to the left, then up and down, the words, 'Come on, the way is clear.' I have reason to believe he was shot at that time by a ball from my father's rifle. My father and his men were trying to intercept the Confederate scouts."

"Oh, Mr. Lennox, this is cruel! I can't hear any more!"

"Essie, we shall never meet again, unless I can do you a service. I know you hate me now."

"You have been so kind and noble, Mr. Lennox, but mother and my brothers would never hear of my liking you, you know."

"I presume not. But, Essie, I am suffering now a thousand times for that rifle shot."

A moment more and he was gone. He passed out into the night and mounted his horse. Essie tried to say something kindly to the suffering man, but her heart was in her throat. The sound of the horse's hoofs grew fainter on the turnpike.

There in the silence of the darkness, where the cold shadows lay compact over the bosom of Chilhowee, two hearts were breaking. The feud of the mountain scouts in some mysterious way had descended upon their children, and civil war, with all its bitterness, crowded into these bright young lives. The slain man slept in a soldier's grave; the slayer too had sunk to his mother earth to mingle his dust with friend and foe. Forgotten almost were the enmities of war. The battle-fields had been covered again and again with peaceful harvests, and Northern men had come down to mingle their substance with the increase of their Southern brethren.

Essie found herself alone, with the grief of a generation in her heart. Her brothers were just coming in, and her widowed mother sat serenely by the fire with no painful memories filling the sweet evening of her life.

"Oh, I cannot bear this! It's too much for me."

In the past few moments this girl of tremendous energy had been a strange creature of weakness and indecision. Seizing a flaming lantern, she bounded to her room. In twenty minutes the lawyer must reach the bend of the road in the mountain—one mile away. Half of that time had gone, and Essie counted the seconds with her heart-beats. Could he see her now? If he had passed the turn in the road, he would be beyond view of the house. Would he look this way? Could he see the flash of a light or understand the nature of a signal? She turned the lantern up to its full power. Steadily she climbed the little ladder to the top of the roof, where she pushed back the trap-door and stepped firmly out upon the eaves. Then she swung the bright light in circles to the right and left and up and down. Three times she repeated the fateful signal, and sank down from nervous exhaustion. Her heart failed her. What had she done? Was she a woman? Was not this disreputable, disloyal? Would her family forgive her? Would God forgive her? Could she forgive herself?

She went back to her room and flung herself upon her knees. She hoped no one, not even he, had seen this foolish performance. Mr. Lennox, after all, must lose respect for such a bold, unwomanly reversal of her feelings. She listened. There was nothing to be heard but the sound of the family going in to tea. She assumed a calmness which only added to her pallor, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard upon the turnpike. The gate opened, and Essie flew out into the frosty air. She was alone again with Walter Lennox.

"I—I beg pardon," he stammered; "I may have imagined it, but I thought I saw a signal. Perhaps I am mistaken."

"No, Mr. Lennox; it was I."

He did not get down from his horse, but drew her up to him with one arm, and for one moment held her there.

Then he followed her into the house. Of course the boys insisted that he could not ride back to the station that night.

The next morning the sun fairly sparkled over the frost-laden hills, the mountains were bald and blue against the bright sky—an ideal Thanksgiving day again. The lawyer once more started down the road, and back against the opening in the fence where the tumbled-down gate had lain, the white Shaker bonnet once more shaded the big brown eyes. She waved gayly to the departing guest, for the young attorney had completed another interview with the Taylor heirs, and the family understood that when he came again, he was to carry away from Clinchdale the little scout and guardian spirit.

DRAG-HUNTING.

(Continued from page 936.)

of a gallop to the first fence. During his homeward drive he must look for more country suitable for hunting, and notice if any of the runs could be seen from the road. Such he reserves for Saturdays, when there is frequently a large carriage contingent hoping to see some of the sport, and that must be conciliated, for their subscriptions are a very welcome addition to those of the regular members of the hunt. If encouraged, some of them will probably leave the roads for the fields and fences, often becoming enthusiastic supporters of the hunt they expected only to tolerate. Therefore it is well to stimulate their interest by an occasional "gallery" run.

The day following the first drive, the Master, taking with him the driver of the previous day, and also the man who is to lay the drag, goes to the place already decided upon for the hounds to be "thrown in." Here the Master and dragman leave the wagon, the former telling the driver to meet them at some point a couple of miles distant, and strike across country on foot, either at a jog-trot or at a walk. Thus they traverse the fields, stopping to examine each fence, wall, or ditch, the take-off, and the landing, and agreeing upon exactly where the scent shall be laid next day. This is done so that treacherous and trappy places may be avoided as much as possible, although there is no shirking of a jump because it is high or stiff or difficult to negotiate, if only one can see what it is, instead of risking coming to grief at a blind place. On these tours of discovery the Master and dragman may proceed without hinderance for several miles to find themselves at some point pocketed by wire, corn, a bog, or impenetrable wood, and forced to retrace part of their way, and try a new line.

When they reach the wagon another rendezvous is appointed, and they continue their work until the distance covered is enough for a run. They plan to finish in a large field, and there the wagon is waiting to take them home. In this field the hounds are to receive a piece of raw meat, or a bagged fox is to be "turned down." In the latter case the scent should end at some underbrush or shrubbery, and for a few fields at least there should be a fair hunting country on all sides, otherwise, when he breaks cover, he is liable to run into all sorts of difficulties, but he seldom goes far before hounds turn him over. The reason for giving them a fox is that when they kill one occasionally they hunt with greater zest and at a better pace. Having made sure that the driver knows where to take the dragman on the day of the hunt, and where to wait for him with the meat or a fox, the Master's labors for that day are completed.

The day of the run the dragman starts a few hours before hounds meet to lay the scent. Aniseseed oil is usually used, although valerian, castor-oil, and fox litter are sometimes used. A cloth saturated with the oil is tied to a string, and the man proceeds to drag it over the course chosen the previous day. Another method is for him to wear shoes, the felt-covered soles of which are wet with the oil, each step leaving the scent. With him he carries a bottle containing more oil, and he is governed as to how much he shall use by the nature and condition of the soil. If it is very dry or sandy, more is of course required than when there is some moisture. However, if too much is used it confuses the hounds when there is any wind, as part of it is then carried some little distance, covering too large an area, and possibly taking them into wire, which, but for the drifting of the scent, would have been avoided. Furthermore, if the hounds overrun the scent, they may pick it up a field beyond should they be running against the wind, perhaps cutting off a loop of a mile or two where they were intended to run. Another reason for not having the scent very strong is that in case of no wind, the hounds go at such a pace that it is impossible to keep with them. On the other hand, if it is too faint, frequent checks will occur, and by the time the drag is all laid, the first half may be almost imperceptible, except to the best hounds, while the others will scatter and straggle along in the rear. Sometimes in a country where there is a tide—the south shore of Long Island, for instance—the dragman will find that some low lands, crossed with impunity at a different hour the day before, may be under water, in which event he must do the best he can to find some way around. He should also try to avoid attracting the attention of farmers over whose land he passes, or, if detected, not to arouse suspicion of his real errand. Hostile farmers, if warned in time, can make it very unpleasant for their unwelcome visitors. Sometimes it is necessary to cut a wire fence, but this should not be done if there is any other practicable way, as it may be seen and repaired before the hounds pass.

The dragman provides for a check at about half the distance of the run by taking up the rag for a few hundred yards, and then continuing the scent from there on to the finish. Here he lets out a fox, or waits with the meat for the hounds, and his duties end until a repetition of them is required to plan a new run for the next hunting day.

The day following a run it is most necessary for the Master to visit all the farms over which he has hunted, and make inquiries as to how much damage has been done to fences and crops. Here a great deal of tact is imperative, and if he has a Yankee or an Irishman with whom to make his peace, he may consider himself fortunate. The first, although charging for whatever has been injured, will be contented with what is reasonable; and the latter, from his innate love of sport, may not ask more than a few cents for the panel of a fence, even if he has had a long chase after his cattle, which are sure to find their way through the opening. At the time he is wild with indignation, but by the next day he has cooled down, and if he and his family can be interested in the sport, the Master will be told to come again, only to let him know first so that he may put up the cows and invite the neighbors. Nevertheless it is best not to cross the same farm more than twice in one season. If, however, there is a German to deal with, he is not easily pacified, and the Master needs an endless fund of patience and diplomacy. The man will probably be surly and ugly, muttering threats of having the law on them, or else greeting him with a volley of imprecations, which finally give place to an exaggerated list of the misfortunes to his property caused by the horses and hounds. He will ask an exorbitant amount for damages, though, if handled with tact, a compromise can usually be effected. It is an unpleasant business at best, and very trying to the temper.

This ends the work which is necessary to lay the drag for one run without uncalled-for risk to the riders and horses, or hard feelings on the part of the farmers. Of course as the season advances, and all become familiar with the country and the facilities it affords for hunting, more may be left to the dragman. A careful supervision of his work is at all times desirable, as ignorance or carelessness on his part may lead to serious results to those following the hounds.

The hunt clubs generally are having good sport this season. At Meadowbrook the hounds have been running at a much faster pace than usual, and with the high stiff fences of their country it takes a good horse to stay with them. The hunting there is suggestive of a fine steeplechase, but as the horses are mostly thoroughbred, the pace does not tell on them as it would on a coarse animal. Among those who ride regularly with these hounds are the Master, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Messrs. R. Cottenet, J. L. Kernochan, Stanley Mortimer, H. L. Herbert, H. V. R. Kennedy, Charles Carroll, J. A. Stewart, Jun., J. F. D. Lanier, E. W. Roby, H. A. Page.

Mr. Austin Wadsworth's hounds, at Geneseo, have had successful runs of fifty couple. Early in the season drag-hunts are had, but later these are discontinued, and wild foxes, which are plentiful, hunted. Messrs. Lawrence D. Rumsey, Captain Martin, Trumbull Cary, Dr. Clark, S. S. Howland, Mr. Colt, and Mr. Martindale are among those who hunt.

The Westchester hounds have never had so successful a season as the present one. Stone walls and gate bars form the greatest number of jumps in their runs, although fences are not infrequent. The pace is good, and the hounds run without straggling. The Master, T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., and Messrs. Cottenet, N. C. Reynal, R. L. Beeckman, H. N. Potter, E. C. Potter, Lawrence Jacob, Louis Haight, B. L. Sackett, and Miss Cary are usually to be seen.

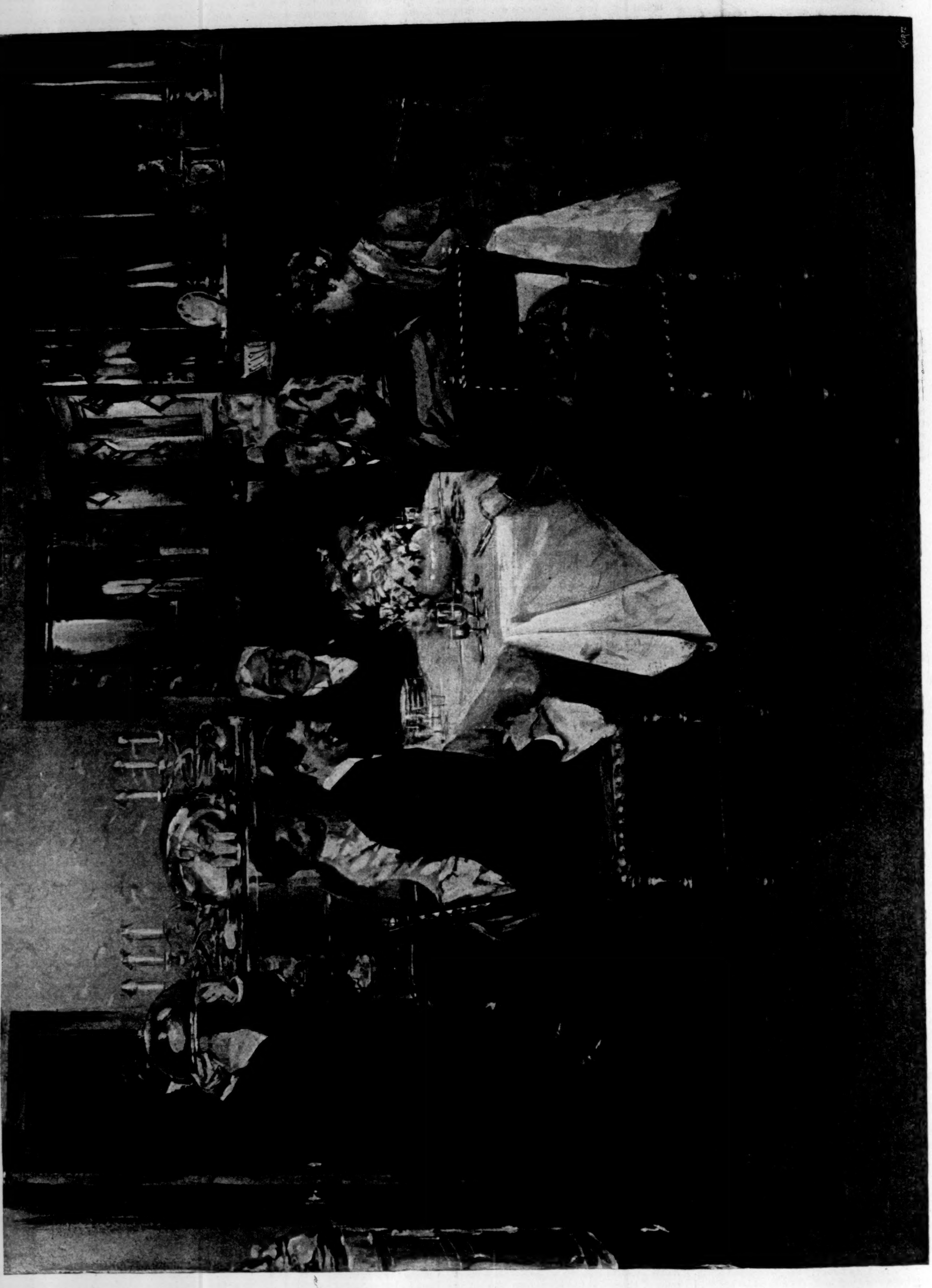
The Myopia hounds have furnished good sport for the Boston men over long runs. Stone walls and ditches are most frequently encountered, with an occasional post or rail fence, but one must always be on the lookout for wire. The fields are large, as there is no rival hunt club in that vicinity. The most regular in their attendance are the Master, Frank Seabury, Messrs. Hugh Allan, Fred Warren, James Parker, Bud Appleton, Frank Appleton, G. P. Messervy, W. H. Seabury, Gussie Gardner, F. H. Prince, Henry Chapin, Mr. Eustis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rice, Mrs. Ward, and Miss Barnard.

The hunting at Rockaway is worthy of a larger field than usually assembles at the meets, good country, with stiff fences, and a great many of them, as the fields are closely enclosed, being the rule. Those who have hunted at Rockaway are the Master, Farley Clark, John E. Cowdin, Foxhall Keene, René La Montague, Albert La Montague, H. P. Case, A. C. Tower, Leonard Jacob, Fletcher Harper, and Miss Metcalf.

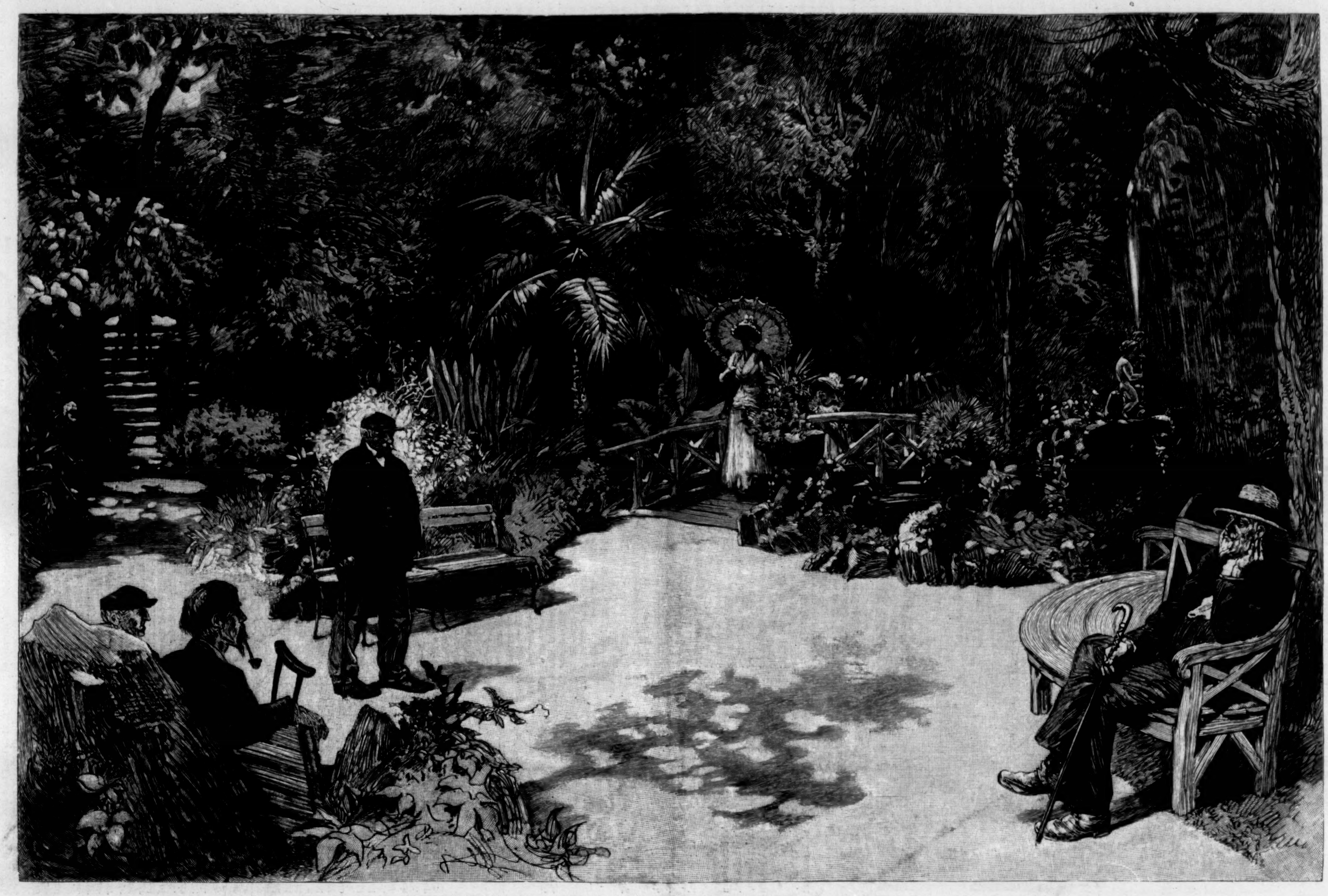
The Essex hounds have been moved from Orange to Maplewood. The going, sometimes very heavy, owing to the clay in the soil, has been good this fall, because of the dry season. Those who have turned out frequently are the Master, Charles Ffizer, Jun., Messrs. C. A. Munn, B. Nicoll, George Day, Jack Dallett, J. C. Wilmerding, Jun., John Farr, W. W. Tucker, Jack Townsend, and T. L. Onativia.

Then there are the Radnors, of Philadelphia, with Mr. Charles Mather, Master, where the country is superb and the fields large; the Dutchess County, with Mr. Archibald Rogers and Mr. S. J. Colgate sponsors for the excellent sport had; the Richmond, of Staten Island, which Mr. C. D. Freeman is developing gradually; the Eldridge, of B[illegible]more; and the Rose Tree, of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, the oldest hunt club in the country. In the allotted space it has been possible to give only a few words of each club covering the data in hand.

C. de Hurst.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK—AS IT WAS.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 950.]



THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO—GARDEN AND ENTRANCE TO GROTTO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 943.]

THANKSGIVING.

It is the song day of the sun.
  For once on every toiler's table
God's blessing sanctifies in one
  The offerings of Cain and Abel.
Love's solstice in the teeming year
  Is hymned as high in household chorus
As when the stockinged pioneer
  Baptized it centuries before us.

The old-time tunes are gone; we lack
  The hour-long "preach" at morning meeting;
The huge brick-ovened chimney-stack
  Has baked its final pumpkin sweeting;
The last Grandfather Jonadab
  Is dead; and round the modern fire
Grandchildren Nelly, Max, and Mab
  Replace Hope, Peace, and Pelatiah.

But to our annual banquet (when
  The seasons messmate all together),
With the same gladness, home again
  Flies every bird of kindred feather,
And faith for every tone dismissed
  Has a new voice that never falters
To chant th' autumnal eucharist
  At all our dear domestic altars.

The man may live whose past affords,
  Of all that earth bequeathed or sold him,
No rustic roof whose attic hoards
  The trundle-bed that used to hold him;
But ne'er may son of *Mayflower* race
  Be born whose heart cannot remember
The welcome of some fireside face
  To the old home-feast of November.

THERON BROWN.

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY'S "STUDIES IN CHAUCER."*

BY CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

THE rapid growth in popular esteem of a poet who has been dead nearly four hundred years is one of the most characteristic facts of recent literary history. Of editions of Chaucer, "more have been published during the last twenty years than came from the press during the previous three hundred," says Mr. Lounsbury (vol. iii., p. 263); and while he justly ascribes this wonderful resurrection of the father of English literature in part to the scientific interest felt in the earlier periods of our language, and in part to the influence of Mr. Furnivall's Chaucer Society, which began its publications in 1868, he does not fail to perceive that these movements are themselves the symptoms and expression of a profound change in the tastes and instincts of the reading world. Men's minds are touched and satisfied by this grand old story-teller of the fourteenth century as never in any generation since his death. That the change is a healthy one, full of promise for the intellectual life of the times, will be questioned by none who understand what it means. For "of all the English poets no one is so fully the representative of the Hellenic element as Chaucer. No one has felt more keenly than he and expressed more vividly the joy of life as life. In him, too, can be recognized the Hellenic clearness of vision which saw human nature exactly as it was, and did not lack the courage to depict it. Equally in him can be found its freedom from excitement and passion, which to many seems freedom from earnestness" (vol. iii., p. 38). Add to this that the "first warbler" has been surpassed by none in the geniality and delicacy of his humor, by Shakespeare alone in the truth and effectiveness with which he has drawn groups of interesting characters, and by only two or three immortal singers in the melody of his English verse, and we have reason to be glad that the knowledge and appreciation of him are no longer limited to special students, but are extending among all lovers of poetry.

Professor Lounsbury's *Studies* fill three large and attractive volumes, and cover almost every problem which has been connected with the name of Chaucer, while giving their fullest attention to the questions which lie in the way of true intellectual communion with the poet. We have first a critical reconstruction of the narrative of Chaucer's life, with an account of the evidence for every fact in it which can be positively affirmed; then an amusing and effective dissection of the legendary stories which have grown up around this life, and have deceived many careless or unscrupulous biographers. Chapter iii. discusses the text, its sources and history, and points out the methods by which great progress has already been made in its restoration, affording the hope that we may yet see it in a form which its author "might recognize, even in minute particulars, as essentially his own" (vol. i., p. 353). In chapter iv., on "The Writings of Chaucer," an elaborate attempt is made to draw the line between his genuine writings and the mass of spurious productions which have been ascribed to him. "The Learning of Chaucer" is then considered—the languages he knew, the books he had read, his acquaintance with the literature and the science of his age. His "Relations to the English Language and to the Religion of his Time" are the theme of an essay that is full of interest and abounds in corrections of prevalent errors. The third volume is wholly devoted to "Chaucer in Literary History" and "Chaucer as a Literary Artist," and if not the last word to be said on either subject, is at least the most complete and intelligent survey of each of them yet made.

Upon many of the questions here investigated, Mr. Lounsbury has reached independent results widely different from those generally accepted. His account of Chaucer's life is largely an exposure of baseless assertions, many of which have been confidently made even by recent editors. Morris himself, in the admirable introduction to his edition of the "Prologue," tells a pathetic story—how "the poet, then probably twenty-one, seems to have fallen desperately and hopelessly in love, probably with a lady above him in rank, who rejected him." For eight years he "seems" to have pined and mourned, "and although the early shadow of disappointed love was still thrown over Chaucer's life, and made him tell of Troilus's sorrow, and sing the complaint of Mars for his lost Venus, yet our poet was henceforth to work himself out into the freshness and brightness that still draw men to him as to spring sunshine" (pp. viii., ix.). All this is founded not upon evidence, but upon a conjectural interpretation of an obscure passage in "The Boke of the Duchesse." For all such pretences of knowledge "on the part of those who prefer any amount of conjecture, however great, to the acknowledgment of any ignorance, however slight" (vol. i., p. 60), Mr. Lounsbury has only unsparing and deserved ridicule. While little is really known of Chaucer's experiences in life, every ascertained fact is precious as an aid in illustrating his writings and his mind. But the value of these facts is destroyed when they are mingled with such fancies and false traditions as make up the mass of the older Lives of Chaucer, and seriously disfigure most of those now current. Mr. Lounsbury has done a service to the fame of his subject and to historic truth in drawing the line more clearly than any previous writer around the facts which rest on unquestionable proof. It is only within living memory that sound principles of investigation and criticism can be said to have been applied to the curious legend which formerly passed as "Chaucer's Life"; and already the conception of his personality and his career afforded by the fragmentary information thus gathered is far more satisfactory than the confused and inconsistent though much longer story which was current fifty years ago. Most of the new information comes from public records, Chaucer having been for many years in the service of the crown. As the voluminous papers of the time still preserved in public offices have been but partly searched, "it is possible that any day new discoveries may be made" (vol. i., p. 117) which will at least fill in to some extent the chronology of Chaucer's life in years now blank. But the most singular fact disclosed by these researches is that while there must have been and ought still to be a large store of documents written by his own hand, and hundreds or thousands of them signed by him, "not the trace of a line which he wrote can now be discovered" (p. 189). All have been stolen, or separately collected, doubtless by hands long motionless; and Mr. Furnivall, who has spent more time and intelligent labor in this search than all other scholars together, thinks it possible they may yet be found among the unindexed records.

One of the most important questions which faces every reader of Chaucer is the authenticity of "The Romaunt of the Rose," a fragmentary version of about one-third of the famous French "Roman de la Rose," by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung, and perhaps the most masterful and valuable translation of a foreign poem which the English language possesses. It was included in the first edition of Chaucer's collected works in 1532, and has been retained in subsequent editions; but of late years it has become accepted doctrine among students that it is an anonymous work. All admit, upon Chaucer's own authority, that he translated the "Roman de la Rose"; but, says Mr. Skeat, "the only translation of that poem now extant is not his. This point has been obscured by the fact that all the editions contain this anonymous translation, and it has always been associated with his name. But the internal evidence against this hasty conclusion is overwhelming and irrefragable, though the poem will long continue to be considered as genuine by readers unacquainted with Chaucer's metre and grammar." Indeed, in the introduction to "The Prioresses Tale" (4th ed., 1888), from which these remarks are taken, Mr. Skeat declares the question settled, adding that "henceforward to attribute the translation to Chaucer may be left to those who have no sense of the force and significance of such arguments as philology readily supplies." But in a later work, his introduction to the minor poems of Chaucer, Mr. Skeat fully adopts Lindner's conclusion that the two divisions of this translation are by different hands, and is nearly ready to admit that the second fragment, containing 1885 lines, may be Chaucer's own. This partial retraction and total inconsistency of Mr. Skeat, however, has attracted little notice, while his sweeping denial of Chaucer's authorship has been widely accepted as final.

In this state of the question Professor Lounsbury takes it up, and subjects all the internal evidences to a minute and critical scrutiny. Mr. Skeat founds his supposed demonstration that Chaucer cannot have been the translator upon tests drawn from the dialect, the vocabulary, and the rhymes of the translation. Mr. Lounsbury succeeds in destroying most of the weight of his arguments, and clearly shows that these tests, taken together, do not justify his conclusion. He then presents a vast array of resemblances in style and expression, involving individual peculiarities of language and thought, such as seem almost to exclude any supposition but that of identity of authorship between the "Romaunt" and the unquestioned works of Chaucer. Several of the details in his process of comparison may be questioned. A few of them are too trivial to be of value, and a few seem to be errors. But, after all allowances, the cumulative force of the argument will be felt by the candid reader fully to justify Mr. Lounsbury's conclusion, "The weight of evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of Chaucer's authorship of the present version" (vol. ii, p. 104). As the question now stands, and until much stronger reasons than have been adduced are found for rejecting it, Professor Lounsbury is entitled to the credit of having vindicated Chaucer's claim to one of the principal works in early English literature.

A curious and original research has been undertaken by Mr. Lounsbury into "the learning of Chaucer." By the common consent of biographers, Chaucer has been represented as one of the most learned men who ever lived. Leland, the antiquary, about 1540, described him as "acutus dialecticus, dulcis rhetor, lepidus poeta, gravis philosophus, ingeniosus mathematicus, denique sanctus theologus"; and sometimes in more, sometimes in less, extravagant terms, the amazing scholarship of Chaucer has been reiterated in every generation since as a commonplace of literary history. Robert Bell calls him "poet, soldier, and diplomatist, and master of the philosophy and divinity of his time." To Dr. Morris he "was a diligent student and a man of the most extensive learning." His latest editor, Saunders, says: "The men of the fourteenth century (a few bookworms only excepted) had lost nearly all remembrance or consciousness of the accumulated treasures of philosophy and learning of the ancients; Chaucer brought these treasures back to them so amalgamated with precious gifts of his own, and so incorporated into the national tongue that they could never experience a like fate." In short, it has been the fashion to speak of Chaucer as a scholar in terms which would be exaggerated if applied to Aristotle, Bacon, or Comte. With his keen instinct for idols of the market, Mr. Lounsbury scrutinizes the poet's work for evidences of his knowledge and of its limits, and conclusively shows that his lofty genius and his broad intelligence are not happily characterized by the epithet "learned" or "scholarly." Nothing in it indicates either a wide or an exact acquaintance with science, history, or literature in any of their departments. Chaucer was fond of books, and read many, chiefly those known to all educated men. He had a practical knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages, but no critical scholarship in any. Most of his tales were taken in outline from books still accessible; but in many cases only the framework, the scaffolding, is found there; the proportions of the structure and the wonderfully moulded details of its beauty were his own, wrought by his own spirit out of its observations on nature and man. Every lover of Chaucer knows him as a seer among men, and not as a bookworm; and by forever driving this mythical notion of special scholarship from its long and absurd association with the popular conception of the poet, Mr. Lounsbury has again done good service to Chaucer and to truth. The "Canterbury Tales" are not to be approached with the same feelings as articles in a literary cyclopædia; and they who most honor the achievements of scholarship will be the first to own that the work of creative imagination testifies to a rarer endowment. But the chief value of this essay does not lie in its conclusion; every paragraph of it helps the reader to greater intimacy with the poet's genius. For the details the reader must go to Mr. Lounsbury's pages, where each item elicited of the knowledge and thoughts gathered by Chaucer from previous writers throws light upon the movements of his own mind, upon its amazing fertility and dexterity, upon its insight into humanity, upon the grace and naturalness with which it instinctively reforms and expresses all it grasps. Nor has our critic need to fear lest we regard his admirable survey of Chaucer's erudition as an attack upon his fame. It is no libel on the sun to show that he is not the source of starlight.

Mr. Lounsbury's chapters on "The Relations of Chaucer to the English Language and to the Religion of his Time," on "Chaucer in Literary History," and on "Chaucer as a Literary Artist," are the fruits of elaborate research and of sober judgment. They do more to fix and define the place of their subject and to make his character and mind known to us than would the discovery of the completest annals of his life and times. His attitude towards the superstitions of his age is set in a clearer light than ever before; and the materials for an estimate of the value of his works as a whole, and of their influence upon language and thought, are presented so comprehensively and distinctly as to leave little to desire. Any criticism of the results would be of value only if made in detail, and would far exceed the limits of this paper. In general, it must be remembered that Mr. Lounsbury writes in a trenchant style, and that in controversy his tone is at times that of an advocate rather than of a judge. In a few instances his zeal has led him into obvious errors, which will perhaps be magnified by hostile critics, but which do not impair the substantial value of his work. It is to be hoped that his labors in a field which he has made his own will be crowned by a complete edition of the works of Chaucer, upon the principles set forth in these *Studies*. The time has come when such an edition will be truly popular, and Mr. Lounsbury has shown himself one of the most competent of living scholars to undertake it.

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* *Studies in Chaucer: His Life and Writings.* By T. R. Lounsbury, Professor in Yale University. Three Vols., 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

"OUT OF THE GAME."

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF W. A. ROGERS.

OVER the hardened field we see them surge,
  Greeted by college yell and loud acclaim,
We lend our plaudits, too, their strength to urge,
  And stand on-looking—we, "outside the
    game."

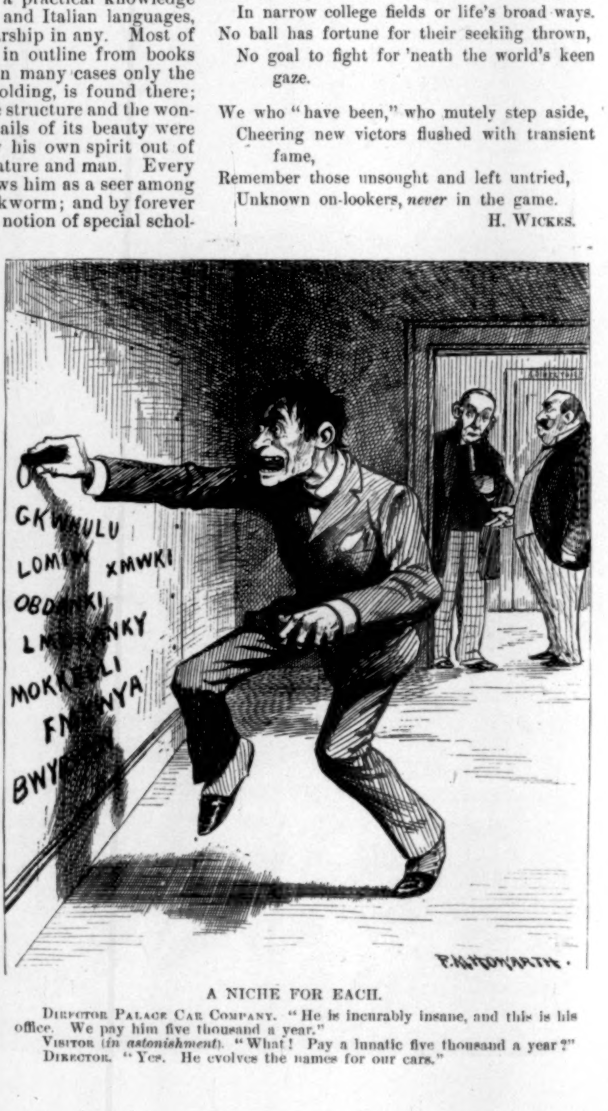
We stand apart and watch them forcing on,
  Ours life's prosaic aims and comforts now,
Our place achieved, our steady footing won,
  "Out of the game" that thrilled us long
    ago.

Now though blood tingle and the pulse beat fast,
  We stand on-looking where we played of yore.
Yet still we thrill at scenes of conquest past,
  We "have been" though we seek yon goal
    no more.

Yet some the flush of conflict ne'er have known
  In narrow college fields or life's broad ways.
No ball has fortune for their seeking thrown,
  No goal to fight for 'neath the world's keen
    gaze.

We who "have been," who mutely step aside,
  Cheering new victors flushed with transient
    fame,
Remember those unsought and left untried,
  Unknown on-lookers, *never* in the game.

H. WICKES.



A NICHE FOR EACH.

DIRECTOR PALACE CAR COMPANY. "He is incurably insane, and this is his office. We pay him five thousand a year."
VISITOR (*in astonishment*). "What! Pay a lunatic five thousand a year?"
DIRECTOR. "Yes. He evolves the names for our cars."

THE HONDURAS EXPEDITION.

THE hope is strongly renewed among archæologists that the long-desired solution of the mystery of ancient life in Honduras and the adjacent regions which has baffled the successive explorers in that part of the continent is to be worked out in the present fruitful era of scientific investigation. As a preliminary advantage, the investigators of the subject in this generation have gradually reached the due estimate of the difficulties of the task, which appears equal in gravity to that achieved with the discovery of the key to the Egyptian literature.

No one ventures to assert in these days whether the Spanish appellation signifying "depths" (Honduras), given to that interesting portion of the earth when the discovery by Columbus was completed with his visit to the mainland, was suggested by the difficulty of finding anchorage on its coast, or on account of the great inequalities presented in its surface. The entire world, however, would concede the present appropriateness of the name in reference to the vast store of archæological material existing in that country, with its profound and yet uninterpretable story of anterior civilization.

The exclusive right of exploration, with the privilege of taking away half of all the objects found during the excavations, is the favorable concession granted to the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology of Harvard University by the government of Honduras in a decree recently issued. All the ancient ruins within the borders of that republic will be placed for a period of ten years in the care of the museum, on the part of which the agreement requires that the explorations shall be carried on each year during the term covered by the decree. The proposed work is planned on an extensive scale and as the most exhaustive archæological research ever undertaken in this country.

The expedition, directed from the Peabody Museum, which is already on the way to Honduras, will begin the work according to the letter of instructions by Professor Putnam which they carry, but without his immediate personal guidance; his duties for the next year as chief of the Department of Ethnology and Archæology in the Columbian Exposition, in addition to his professional and official work at Harvard, will prevent his leaving this country. One of his two representatives is Mr. Marshall H. Saville, for some time a private student under his instruction, an assistant in the Peabody Museum, and the holder of a museum fellowship. Under the personal direction of Professor Putnam in Ohio and in Yucatan the younger archæologist has had the benefit of considerable field experience. His appointment as scientific assistant and chief photographer of the expedition is considered as favorable for the success of the work as it is well merited. His associate is John C. Owens, a member of the Graduate School of Harvard, taking the course in Professor Putnam's department. In addition to a full year's course in the laboratory of the museum, he has passed one season in the field in connection with the Hemenway Expedition with Dr. Fewkes. His duties will be as Executive Officer as well as in archæological work. He has obtained leave of absence from Harvard in order to gain this practical experience from studies in the field, which in the educational system of Professor Putnam is thought of the greatest importance in training expert archæologists.

From New Orleans the party expect to proceed directly to Izabal, and at that point to meet Mr. H. W. Price, who has been appointed as resident agent for the museum and surveyor and engineer of the expedition. In accompanying Mr. Mundslay during his recent visit to Palenqué, this assistant proved his superior fitness for the present task. The course of the expedition from Izabal will be by mule train to the ancient city of Copan, a distance of about a hundred miles. As soon as the party is established in suitable living quarters, the investigation of the ruins will begin on that site.

Of the remarkable aboriginal monuments of Honduras transferred to the care of the museum, the most important are those of Copan, in the division of Gracias, near the Guatemala and Salvador boundaries. The vast pyramidal structures described as being of the same type as the *teocallis* of Mexico, with remains of various edifices of stone, are equally a mystery with other relics of peculiar interest in the form of gigantic monoliths elaborately sculptured, and bearing endless groups of hieroglyphic or symbolical figures. If the museum obtains casts of these singular monoliths, the series, as foreseen, will provide an interesting study of the religious symbols of this ancient people, who, according to the reports of travellers, seem to have displayed their greatest skill in these sculptures of their gods and altars. The ruins are scattered over a large area on the right bank of the Rio Copan, and among the rest comprise the walls of the famous edifice supposed to have been a temple, erected as a terrace 624 feet in length, with perpendicular front toward the river rising to the height of 70 feet. The outer walls at the bottom are said to be about 25 feet thick, and it is estimated that more than 26,000,000 cubic feet of stone must have been required for this single structure. In other parts of the republic, as in the great plain of Senseti, are similar remains, although found in a more ruined condition. Near Comayagua, the capital of the state, the ruins of the fortified hill of Tenampua have been also noted.

In carrying on the proposed exploration in Honduras for ten successive years, the Peabody Museum expedition will establish a school of American archæology similar in character to the American school at Athens, which from its foundation has been an example of the highest usefulness and success. Like the School of Classical Archæology in Greece, that of Honduras will give students from different institutions in the country an opportunity to supplement a course of archæological study by original investigations.

As agreed to by all concerned, the material collected by the expedition during the year will be exhibited in the World's Columbian Exposition, with such other collections as the Honduras and Guatemalan governments may contribute in response to an appeal from Professor Putnam, in aid of the comparative study of the ancient peoples of America which he has planned.

THE NATIONAL ASYLUM FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER.

MR. ROGERS' sketches this week give us some charming glimpses of the Dayton Soldiers' Home. Officially the title of the institution is as written above, but Daytonians like to call it their "Home," and assume a proprietary interest in its noble buildings, velvet lawns, and six miles of level avenues. All other attractions which we hasten to show to visiting strangers pale before the beauties of the Home, and if the season and the weather lend their support, it is safe to say that the visiting stranger, even if he be a travelled visiting stranger, goes away with the impression that he has seen a very beautiful place, and one a little different from any he has seen before.

The Home embraces six hundred and thirty acres of high land lying some two miles west of Dayton, Ohio, commanding a wide view of the city and the valley of the Miami. It is reached by a turnpike, a driving avenue, two electric-car lines, and two steam railways; one of the latter used exclusively for freight. The buildings number over a hundred, and consist of thirty-five brick barracks, Headquarters, Memorial Hall, library, chapel, hospital, hotel, gasworks, stables, laundry, dining-hall, fire department, officers' residences, and numerous property buildings. The general view shows the approach to this little city on a hill by way of Home Avenue. In the foreground is seen a bit of one of the artificial lakes, and farther back, banked in foliage, a row of barracks, the Headquarters, Memorial Hall, the ivy-covered chapel, and lastly the towers of the hospital. Another group of buildings, consisting of a merry-go-round, a switch-back railroad, and some peanut stands have surreptitiously crept into the focus of Mr. Rogers' pencil. These were *not* erected by a government grateful for the services of her warriors, but are objects of purely private gain outside the grounds, and for the satisfaction of visitors whose taste runs that way. The full-page illustration shows a small bit of the garden, probably the loveliest, though choice were difficult. Here landscape-gardening has reached its fullest perfection. Originally it was the quarry from which the stone used in the construction of some of the buildings was taken. Now it is an artistic wilderness of beauty. Small lakes spanned by rustic bridges and edged with rocks, in whose crevices grow quantities of flowers and hanging vines; foliage beds making fantastic designs with their rich shades of leaves; fountains, cascades, grottos; banks of glorious begonias, fuchsias, and geraniums showing five blossoms to the one they would bear in any other locality; ponds of rare water-lilies; groups of veterans here and there on the benches enjoying the comforts of a cob pipe; the white gown and parasol on the bridge; over all these the mingled shade of maples, palms, and banana trees —*this* is the garden at the Soldiers' Home!

The especial glory of this part of the grounds, and the pride of the florist in charge, is the display of rare water-lilies in the aquatic gardens. Three large ponds heated to a temperature of 80° Fahr. are filled with many varieties of tropical water-plants, whose glorious blooms, immense leaves, and unspellable names attract a constant crowd of admirers. Queen among them is the giant *Victoria regia*, with pink or white flowers from six to twelve inches in diameter, and leaves six feet across, with turned-up edges like shallow cake pans. It is said that these leaves will support the weight of a child, a safe assertion to make, as it is not likely to be verified by experiment. Here are also to be seen the crimson *V. regia*, the star-shaped *Nymphea dentata*, the *N. scutifolia*, or blue water-lily, the water poppy, water hyacinth, and a score of others too steeply botanical in name for my limited space. In a pond by itself is the royal Egyptian lotus, which has been brought to perfection in the open air of this climate by remarkable care and management. This plant has borne hundreds of tulip-shaped pink and white flowers, and been the admiration of thousands of visitors to the Home. For the cultivation of these floral treasures and the tropical plants, the Home possesses a palm-house 90×36 feet, and 40 feet high, four greenhouses 120×12 feet, and 300 hot-beds.

Above the garden the ground rises to the campus, a noble lawn with a sweeping panoramic view of city, river, and fields. Here the band gives daily concerts, enjoyed by crowds of the veterans and gay driving parties from town. From the campus branch avenues leading to all parts of the Home. The hospital, with accommodations for over 800 patients, lies to the north; beyond it the cemetery, whose beautiful white shaft and marble sentinel overlook the graves of over 4000 men who gave their health or their lives for their country.

Memorial Hall is a well-appointed little theatre, seating 1500. In summer a company is retained for a ten weeks' engagement, and presents two dramatic entertainments a week.

Admission is charged at five and ten cents to the veterans, and twenty-five cents to outside visitors. Of course at such rates the theatre cannot be self-supporting. As there is no government allowance to cover this, the excess of expenditure is made up out of the Post Fund, which consists of the revenues from the hotel, Home store, and the beer hall.

This is a good place to say something about the beer hall, over which such an outcry was made from press and pulpit when it was established in 1887 by General M. R. Patrick, then Lieutenant-Governor of the Home. The General, being an ardent Prohibitionist, was bitterly attacked as a renegade by his own friends, and his move was the cause of unspeakable indignation on the part of temperance people all over the country. That the United States government should supply beer to the soldiers seemed an outrage against order and decency. Gradually, however, when the facts became known, public opinion massed itself on the Governor's side, and now that he is gone, one of the most practical tributes to his memory is the improved condition of things which his wise judgment and unflinching firmness have accomplished.

The truth is that the Home is a community of 5500 men, most of them old men, all more or less debilitated by wounds, exposure, or the liquor habit, and some even childish. These men cannot be kept prisoners within the Home grounds, but must be allowed some outside freedom. In this case, moral suasion is a weak tool. On leaving the Home gates, they find themselves among saloons, groggeries, and low resorts on every corner. Under the former condition of things, emissaries from these dens were constantly on the outlook for soldiers with pension money, and enticed them in. Bad whiskey, with a dash of morphine or a blow on the head, did the rest. The next day the poor victims were found, stupid, freezing, and penniless, in a fence corner. Rows, fights, even downright murders occurred frequently, and there seemed no help for it. The saloons increased, and the value of Dayton property on the west side decreased. Once, some years ago, when Colonel E. F. Brown was Governor of the Home, he marched a picked company of men to the south entrance where a saloon had been defiantly erected at the very threshold of the Home. At his command, the soldiers emptied the kegs, smashed the bottles, and then tore down the flimsy structure, board from board.

These were strong measures, but, after all, only a drop of relief in the bucket of misery. It was left to Governor Patrick not to cure, but to alleviate. The beer hall was established under strict supervision, and there was less temptation for the men to wander outside. Beer tickets at five cents each are issued, but the men are limited according to their habits. Some are allowed three glasses a day, some five, some as much as they care for, and a few are prohibited altogether. A careful watch is kept over each man's conduct, and his allowance of beer regulated accordingly. The hall is never open in the evening. The results are highly satisfactory in the physical condition of the men, the absence of drunkenness, the increased amount of money sent to their families, and the decrease in the number of saloons outside. Besides this, the profits accruing from the sale of beer instead of being wasted in dissipation outside go to swell the Post Fund, thus enabling the authorities to replenish the library, enlarge the band, and provide many amusements to increase the pleasure and comfort of the men beyond what is provided for by Congressional appropriation.

Two of the noblest gifts which the Home has received are the Putnam and Thomas libraries. The first was given by Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, in memory of her son, Lieutenant Putnam, who was killed at the battle of Balls Bluff in 1861. Four times a year she sends boxes of books, and on every anniversary of his death a wreath to surround his portrait. The second library is a memorial to General George H. Thomas, and is kept up by private contribution. These two collections of books have been recently moved into the fine new library building with largely increased facilities.

That department of the Home of greatest interest to housekeepers is the dining-hall and kitchen. Both are contained in one building, the front portion of which is occupied on both the upper and lower floors by two dining-rooms, each 90×130 feet, and together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. The rear one-story portion contains the kitchen, bakery, bread and pie rooms, cooling vaults, and all the paraphernalia necessary to the providing for this vast household. Each dining-room seats 1100 men, making 2200 at a sitting; and when the first set is through eating, so large is the force of waiters and so accurate the discipline that only twenty minutes are required to clear the tables, and prepare them for the second 2000 diners. After the first lot of men have left the hall, a bell is rung, and the army of waiters dash in close on each other's heels, but in perfect order, remove the dishes, crumbs, and clean the tables; after them come files of men with heaps of clean plates and bowls which they slap down on the tables regardless of nicks, and with a noise, I should think, like artillery. The meat is brought in on huge trays, and the coffee served from large tin pots at each end of each table. All this is accomplished by 325 men, part of them regularly paid, and part "detailed" from the outside as help. All the work is done by the veterans, no women being employed at the Home.

A large archway from the dining-hall leads into the kitchen, a sanctum presided over by a head cook and thirty-two assistants. Here are to be seen the range, twenty feet long, the vast copper caldrons for cooking soup and vegetables, and seven coffee boilers, each holding upwards of a hundred gallons, which are filled and emptied twice a day the year through. In describing this part of the Home there is nothing left to do but to plunge into statistics, or I cannot do it justice. Here are some verified figures of quantities of food used at the Home: it takes seven barrels of mackerel, 54 bushels of potatoes, and 560 gallons of coffee for their Friday breakfast; seven tubs of mashed potatoes and three whole beeves go to one day's dinner; 45 pounds of tea every night for supper; 1200 dozen eggs for Easter breakfast; 40 sheep go to a pot-pie; and 900 pounds of corned-beef, with 30 bushels of potatoes, for one mess of hash. Twelve hundred pies, requiring three tubs of butter to the upper crust, and three tubs of lard for the lower, with 12 barrels of apples for the filling, make one day's dessert. Four hundred square feet of gingerbread are baked twice a week. On Christmas day the veterans are treated to 400 turkeys, seven barrels of cranberry sauce, 1200 mince-pies, and oysters, celery, and other delicacies in proportion. Bread is baked every day, beginning at midnight. It is kneaded by steam, six barrels of flour to a mixing, the machine being filled three times. These eighteen barrels of flour fill a room shelved to the ceiling with fragrant loaves, which are all eaten in one day.

The following is a bill of fare, selected at random from their printed lists:

SUNDAY.

Breakfast—fried ham or sausage, potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner—roast mutton, sweet-potatoes, turnips, pickles, bread, butter, coffee, and apple-pie.

Supper—stewed fruit, cookies, bread, butter, and tea.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast—corned-beef hash, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner—roast beef, baked potatoes, onions, bread, butter, and coffee.

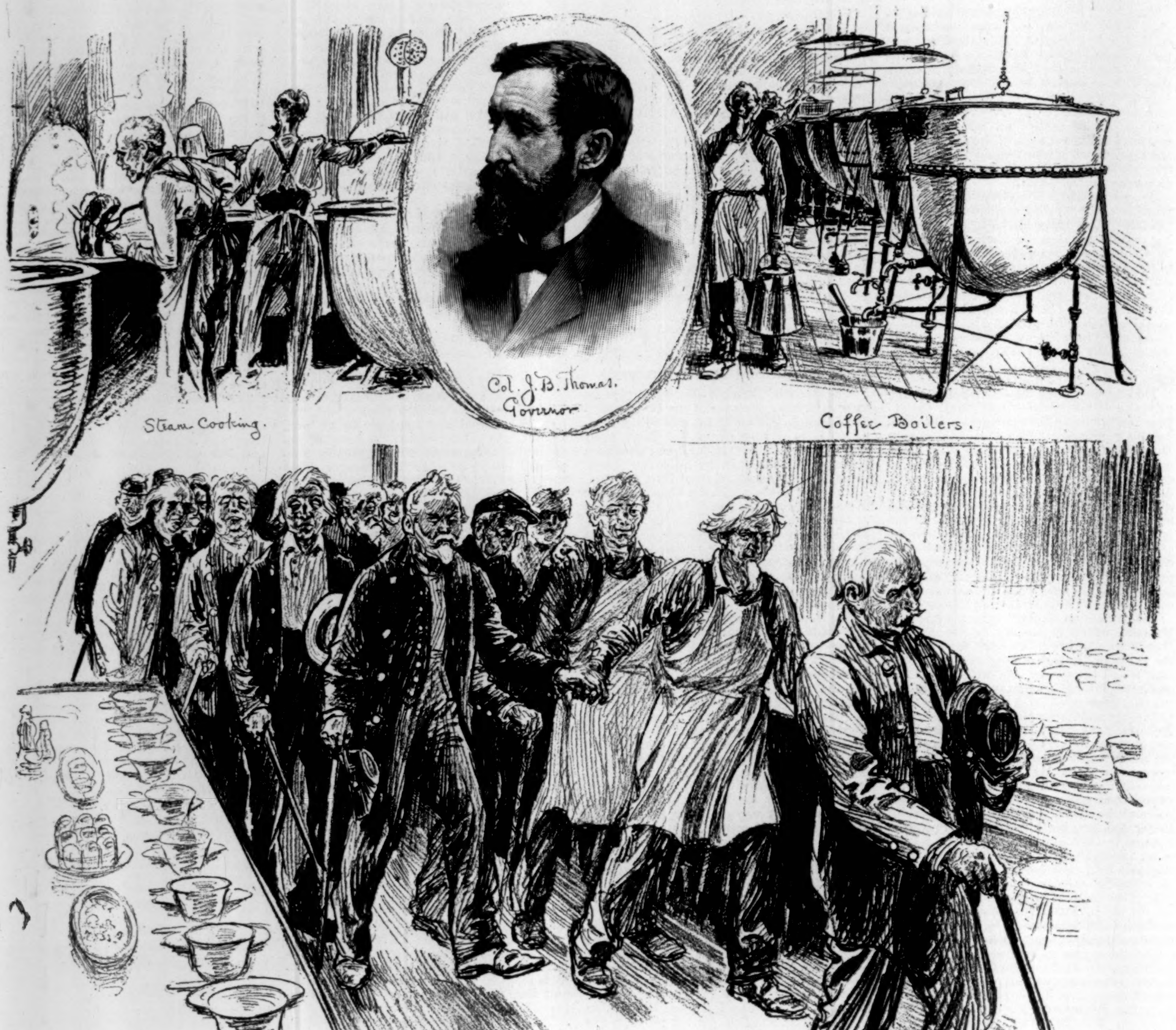
Supper—pigs' tongues or tripe, beets, tomato catsup, bread, tea, gingerbread.

The average cost to the government of this boarding-house is twenty cents a day for each soldier; not so expensive when we consider the quality and variety of food used. The Congressional appropriation, covering all expenses of the Home, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, was $770,306 50.

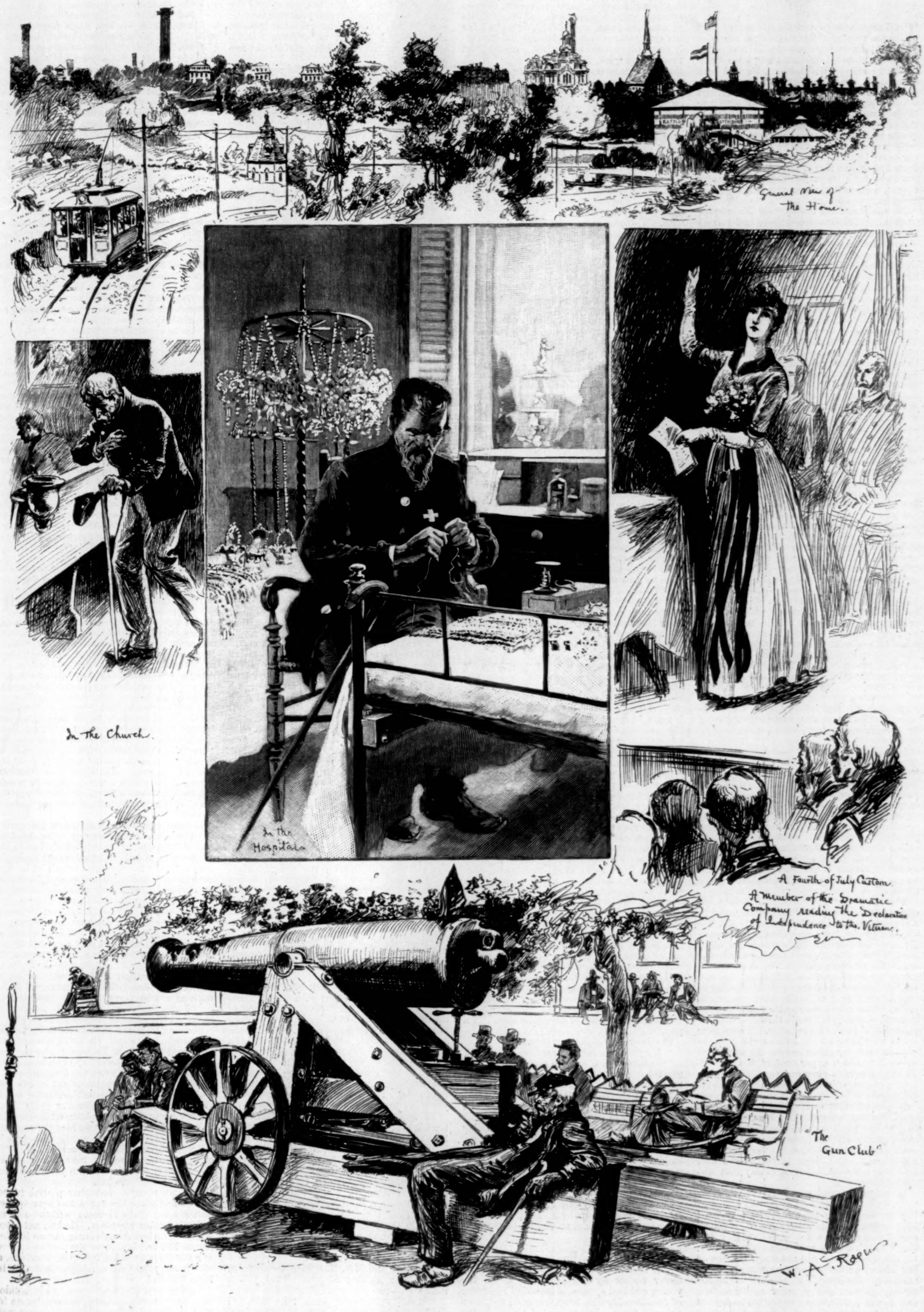
The laundry in the extreme southwest of the Home grounds will give us figures no less astonishing. The week's work includes an average of 45,000 pieces, or over 2,000,000 in the course of a year. There are two gigantic steam-mangles, eight washing-machines, five steam-wringers, and an immense drying-room for use in bad weather. All the clothes are carefully looked over and mended, and I can bear testimony to the neatness of masculine patches. The methods of the Home management are exceedingly thrifty.

Nothing is wasted, and all things are accomplished with the most perfect order and spotless neatness. The old clothes are sorted out, the best parts saved for dusters and cleaning cloths; the socks ravelled out where not utterly worn out, and the yarn saved to darn the better ones. What is left, being pure refuse, is sold for about $2200 per annum, and added to the Post Fund. A neat little income of between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars is realized annually from the sale of kitchen and slaughter-house refuse, including hides and horns, drippings from the kitchen, and waste grease; and of this sum, $1200 represents the value of the skimmings from the dish-water, which is cooled in shallow tanks for that purpose.

Mr. Rogers gives us one sketch which I particularly like—that of the Gun Club. Now, after the legion of clubs for the Advancement of This, That, or The Other, here is a club of which I should really like to be a member. The idyllic routine of duty imposed upon its members seems to be that of lying or lounging in the protecting companionship of one of the big cannon and letting the sun soak through them. Doubtless pipes, naps, and exchange of war experiences form the rest of the order of exercises. There are no rules, no president, no constitution, nothing but the sunlight of warm May mornings and Indian summer afternoons, and the big gun settling lazily down into the greensward in much better business than throwing bombshells, as it did thirty years ago.


Steam Cooking.
Col. J. B. Thomas. Governor
Coffee Boilers.
The Dinner Hour.— Blind Veterans Entering The Mess Hall.
Detailed to Shell Peas.
W. A. Rogers.
After Dinner carrying off the crumbs..

THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 943.]



General View of the Home.

In the Church.

In the Hospital.

A Fourth of July Custom

A member of the Dramatic Company reading the Declaration of Independence to the Veterans.

"The Gun Club"

W. A. Rogers

THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 943.]

ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES," "THE WOODLANDERS," ETC.

I.

THE man who played the disturbing part in the two quiet lives hereafter named—no great man in any sense, by-the-way—first had cognizance of them on an October evening in the city of Melchester. He had been standing in the close, vainly endeavoring to gain amid the darkness a glimpse of the most homogeneous pile of mediæval architecture in England, which towered and tapered from the damp and level sward in front of him. While he stood, the presence of the cathedral walls was revealed rather by the ear than by the eyes; he could not see them, but they reflected sharply a roar of sound which entered the close by a street leading from the city square, and, falling upon the building, was flung back upon him.

He postponed till the morrow his attempt to examine the deserted edifice, and turned his attention to the noise. It was compounded of steam barrel-organs, the clanging of gongs, the ringing of hand-bells, the clack of rattles, and the undistinguishable shouts of men. A lurid light hung in the air in the direction of the tumult. Thitherward he went, passing under the arched gateway, along a straight street, and into the square.

He might have searched Europe over for a greater contrast between juxtaposed scenes. The spectacle was that of the eighth chasm of the Inferno as to color and flame, and, as to mirth, a development of the Homeric heaven. A smoky glare, of the complexion of brass filings, ascended from the fiery tongues of innumerable naphtha lamps affixed to booths, stalls, and other temporary erections which crowded the spacious market square. In front of this irradiation scores of human figures, more or less in profile, were darting athwart and across, up, down, and around, like gnats against a sunset.

Their motions were so rhythmical that they seemed to be moved by machinery. And it presently appeared that they were moved by machinery indeed; the figures being those of the patrons of swings, seesaws, flying leaps, above all, of the three steam roundabouts which occupied the centre of the position. It was from the latter that the din of steam-organs came.

Throbbing humanity in full light was, on second thoughts, better than ecclesiology in the dark. The young man, lighting a short pipe, and putting one hand in his pocket, to throw himself into harmony with his new environment, drew near to the largest and most patronized of the steam-circuses—as the roundabouts were called by their owners. This was one of brilliant finish, and it was now in full revolution. The musical instrument around which and to whose tones the riders revolved directed its trumpet mouths of brass upon the young man, and the long plate-glass mirrors set at angles, which revolved with the machine, flashed the gyrating personages and hobby-horses kaleidoscopically into his eyes.

It could now be seen that he was unlike the majority of the crowd. A gentlemanly young fellow, one of the species found in large towns only, and London particularly, built on delicate lines, well though not fashionably dressed, he appeared to belong to the professional class; he had nothing square or practical about his look, much that was curvilinear and sensuous; he would have been called a man [illegible] altogether typical of the middle-class m[illegible] of a century wherein sordid ambition is the master-passion that seems to be taking the time-honored place of love.

The revolving figures passed before his eyes with an unexpected and quiet grace in a throng whose natural movements did not suggest gracefulness or quietude, as a rule. By some contrivance there was imparted to each of the hobby-horses a motion which was really the triumph and perfection of roundabout inventiveness—a galloping rise and fall, so timed that of each pair of steeds one was on the spring while the other was on the pitch. The riders were quite fascinated by these equine undulations in this most delightful holiday game of our times. There were riders as young as six and as old as sixty years, with every age between. At first it was difficult to catch a personality, but by-and-by the observer's eyes centred on the prettiest girl out of the several pretty ones revolving.

It was not that one with the light frock and light hat whom he had been at first attracted by; no, it was the one with the black cape, gray skirt, light gloves, and—no, not even she, but the one behind her; she with the crimson skirt, dark jacket, brown hat, and brown gloves. Unmistakably that was the prettiest girl.

Having finally selected her, this idle spectator studied her as well as he was able during her each brief transit across his visual field. She was absolutely unconscious of everything save the act of riding; her features were rapt in an ecstatic dreaminess; for the moment she did not know her age or her history or her lineaments, much less her troubles. He himself was full of vague latter-day glooms and popular melancholies, and it was a refreshing sensation to behold this young thing then and there absolutely as happy as if she were in a paradise.

Dreading the moment when the inexorable stoker, grimly lurking behind the glittering rococo-work, should decide that this set of riders had had their pennyworth, and bring the whole concern of steam-engine, horses, revolving mirrors, steam trumpets, drums, cymbals, cornets, dulcimers, and other kinds of music to pause and silence, he waited for her every reappearance, glancing indifferently over the intervening scenes, including the two plainer girls, the old woman and child, the two youngsters, the newly married couple, the old man with a clay pipe, the sparkish youth with a ring, the young ladies in the chariot, the pair of journeymen carpenters, and others, till his select country beauty followed on again in her place. He had never seen a fairer product of nature, and at each round she made a deeper mark in his sentiments. The stoppage then came, and the sighs of the riders were audible.

He moved round to the place whereat he reckoned she would alight, but she retained her seat. The empty saddles began to refill, and she plainly was deciding to have another turn. The young man drew up to the side of her steed, and pleasantly asked her if she had enjoyed her ride.

"Oh yes," she said, with dancing eyes. "It has been quite unlike anything I have ever felt in my life before."

It was not difficult to fall into conversation with her. Unreserved—too unreserved—by nature, she was not experienced enough to be reserved by art, and after a little coaxing, she answered his remarks readily. She had come to live in Melchester from a village on the Great Plain, and this was the first time that she had ever seen a steam-circus; she could not understand how such wonderful machines were made. She had come to the city on the invitation of Mrs. Harnham, who had taken her into her household to train her as a servant if she showed any aptitude. Mrs. Harnham was a young widow lady, who had been Miss Edith White before she married, living in the country near the speaker's cottage, and was now very kind to her through knowing her in childhood so well. She was even taking the trouble to educate her. Mrs. Harnham was the only friend she had in the world, and since the loss of Mr. Harnham, some fifteen months ago, had wished to have her near her in preference to anybody else—though she had only lately come—allowed her to do almost as she liked, and to have a holiday whenever she asked for it. The husband of this kind young lady had been a rich wine-merchant of the town, but Mrs. Harnham's uncle lived temporarily with her now; in the daytime you could see the house from where they were talking. She, the speaker, liked Melchester better than the lonely country, and she was going to have a new hat for next Sunday that was to cost fifteen and ninepence.

Then she inquired of her acquaintance where he lived, and he told her in London, that ancient and smoky city where everybody lived who lived at all, and died because they could not live there. He came into Wessex two or three times a year for professional reasons; he had arrived from Wintoncester yesterday, and was going on into the next county in a day or two. For one thing he did like the country better than the town, and it was because it contained such girls as she.

Then the pleasure-machine started again, and to the light-hearted girl the figure of the handsome young man, the market square with its lights and crowd, the houses beyond, and the world at large began moving round as before, countermoving in the revolving mirrors on her right hand, she being as it were the fixed point in an undulating, dazzling, lurid universe, in which loomed forward most prominently of all the form of her late interlocutor. Each time that she approached the half of her orbit that lay nearest him they gazed at each other with smiles, and with that unmistakable expression which means so little at the moment, yet so often leads up to such passion, heart-ache, union, disunion, devotion, over-population, drudgery, content, resignation, as none can foretell.

When the horses slowed anew he stepped to her side and proposed another heat. "Hang the expense for once!" he said. "I'll pay."

She laughed till the tears came.

"Why do you laugh, dear?" said he.

"Because—you are so genteel that you must have plenty of money, and only say that for fun," she returned.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the young man in unison, and gallantly producing his money, she was enabled to whirl on again.

As he stood smiling there in the motley crowd, with his pipe in his hand, and clad in the rough pea-jacket and wideawake that he had put on for his stroll, who would have supposed him to be Charles Bradford Raye, Esquire, stuff-gownsman, educated at Wintoncester, called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, now going the Western Circuit, merely detained in Melchester by a small arbitration after his brethren had moved on to the next county town?

II.

The square was overlooked from its remoter corner by the house of which the young girl had spoken, a dignified residence of considerable size, having several windows on each floor. Inside one of these, on the first floor, the apartment being a large drawing-room, sat a lady, in appearance from twenty-eight to thirty years of age. The blinds were still undrawn, and the lady was absently surveying the weird scene without, her cheek resting on her hand. The room was unlit from within, but enough of the glare from the market-place entered it to reveal the lady's face. She was what is called an interesting creature rather than a handsome woman, dark-eyed, thoughtful, and mobile-lipped.

A man brusquely entered the room from behind and came forward.

"Oh, Edith, I didn't see you," he said. "Why are you sitting here in the dark?"

"I am looking at the fair, Uncle Stephen," replied the lady, in a languid voice.

"Oh! Horrid nuisance every year! I wish it could be put a stop to."

"I like it."

"H'm! There's no accounting for taste."

For a moment he gazed from the window with her for politeness' sake, and then went out again. In a few minutes she rang.

"Hasn't Anna come in?" asked Mrs. Harnham.

"No, m'm."

"She ought to be in by this time. I meant her to go for ten minutes only."

"Shall I go and look for her, m'm?" said the house-maid, alertly.

"No. It is not necessary; she is a good girl, and will come soon."

However, when the servant had gone, Mrs. Harnham arose, went up to her room, cloaked and bonneted herself, and proceeded down stairs, where she found her uncle.

"I want to see the fair," she said, "and I am going to look for Anna. I have made myself responsible for her, and must see she comes to no harm. She ought to be in-doors. Will you come with me?"

"Oh, she's all right! I saw her on one of those whirligig things, talking to her young man, as I came in. But I'll go if you wish, though I'd rather go a hundred miles the other way."

"Then please do so, uncle. I shall come to no harm alone."

She left the house, and entered the crowd which thronged the market-place, where she soon discovered Anna seated on the revolving horse. As soon as it stopped, Mrs. Harnham advanced and said, severely:

"Anna, how can you be such a wild girl? You were only to be out for ten minutes."

Anna looked blank, and the young man, who had dropped into the background, came to her assistance.

"Please don't blame her," he said, very politely. "It is my fault that she has staid. She looked so graceful on the horse that I induced her to go round again. I assure you that she has been quite safe."

"In that case I'll leave her in your hands," said Mrs. Harnham, turning to retrace her steps.

But this, for the moment, it was not so easy to do. Something had attracted the crowd to a spot in the rear, and the young widow, caught by its sway, found herself pressed against Anna's acquaintance, without power to move away. Their faces were within a few inches of each other; his breath fanned her cheek as well as Anna's. They could do no other than smile at the accident; but neither spoke, and each waited passively. Mrs. Harnham then felt a man's hand clasping her fingers, and from the look of consciousness on the young fellow's face, she knew the hand to be his; she also knew that from the position of the girl he had no other thought than that the imprisoned hand was Anna's. What prompted her to refrain from undeceiving him she could hardly tell. Not content with holding the hand, he playfully slipped two of his fingers inside her glove, against her palm. Thus matters continued till the pressure lessened; but several minutes passed before the crowd thinned sufficiently to allow Mrs. Harnham to withdraw.

"How did they get to know each other, I wonder?" she mused, as she retreated. "Anna is really very forward—and he very nice."

She was so greatly struck with the young barrister's manner, voice, with the fascination of his touch, that instead of re-entering the house she turned back again, and observed the pair from a screened nook. Really, she argued (being little less impulsive than Anna herself), it was very excusable in Anna to encourage him, however she might have contrived to make his acquaintance; he was so gentlemanly, so fascinating, had such beautiful eyes. The thought that he was several years her junior produced a sigh.

At length the couple turned from the roundabout towards the door of Mrs. Harnham's house, and the young man could be heard saying that he would accompany her home. Anna certainly had found a lover, apparently a very devoted one. Mrs. Harnham was quite interested in him. When they drew near the door of the wine-merchant's house, a comparatively deserted spot by this time, they stood invisible for a little while in the shadow of a wall, where they separated, Anna going on to the entrance, and her acquaintance returning across the square.

"Anna," said Mrs. Harnham, coming up, "I've been looking at you. That young man kissed you at parting, I am almost sure."

"Well," stammered Anna, "he said if I didn't mind—it would do me no harm—and—and him a great deal of good."

"Ah, I thought so! And he was a stranger till to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Yet I warrant you told him your name and everything about yourself."

"He asked me."

"But he didn't tell you his?"

"Yes, ma'am, he did," cried Anna, victoriously. "It is Charles Bradford, of London."

"Well, if he's respectable, of course I've nothing to say against your knowing him," said her mistress, prepossessed, in spite of general principles, in the young man's favor; "but I must reconsider all that if he attempts to renew your acquaintance. A country-bred girl like you, who has never lived in Melchester till this month, who had hardly ever seen a black-coated man till you came here, to be so sharp as to capture a young Londoner like him!"

"I didn't capture him. I didn't do anything," said Anna, in confusion.

When she was in-doors and alone, Mrs. Harnham thought what a highly qualified and chivalrous young man Anna's companion had seemed. There had been a magic in his wooing touch, and she wondered how he had come to be attracted by the girl.

The next morning the emotional widow went to the daily service in Melchester cathedral. In crossing the close through the fog she again perceived him who had so interested her the previous evening, gazing up thoughtfully at the high-piled architecture of the nave; and as soon as she had taken her seat, he entered and sat down in a stall opposite hers.

He did not particularly heed her; but Mrs. Harnham was continually occupied with him, and wondered more than ever what had attracted him in her unfledged young maid-servant. The widow was almost as unaccustomed as the maiden herself to the end-of-the-age young man, or she might have wondered less. Raye, having looked about him awhile, left abruptly, without regard to the service that was proceeding; and Mrs. Harnham—lonely, impressionable young creature that she was—took no further interest in praising the Lord. She wished she had married a London man who knew the subtleties of love-making as they were evidently known to him who had mistakenly caressed her hand.

III.

The calendar at Melchester had been light, occupying the court only a few hours; and the assizes at Casterbridge, the next county town on the Western Circuit, having no concern for Raye, he had not gone thither. At the next again, they did not open till the following Monday, trials to begin on Tuesday morning. In the natural order of things Raye would have arrived at the latter place on Monday afternoon, but it was not till the middle of Wednesday that his gown and gray wig, curled in tiers in the best fashion of Assyrian bass-reliefs, were seen blowing and bobbing behind him as he hastily walked up the High Street from his lodgings. But though he entered the assize building, there was nothing for him to do, and sitting at the blue baize table in the well of the court, he mended pens with a mind far away from the case in progress. Thoughts of a frivolous flirtation, on which a week earlier he would not have believed himself capable of wasting his time, threw him into a state of dissatisfaction.

He had contrived to see again the pretty rural maiden Anna the day after the fair, had walked out of the city with her to the earthworks of Old Melchester, and feeling a violent fancy for her, had remained in Melchester all Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; by persuasion obtaining walks and meetings with the young girl six or seven times during the interval—had, in brief, won her heart.

He supposed it must have been owing to the seclusion in which he had lived of late in town that he had given play so unrestrainedly to a passing fancy for a young creature so charmingly inexperienced, who had placed herself so trustingly in his hands. Much he deplored trifling with her feelings for the sake of a kiss upon her red lips, and he could only hope that she might not live to suffer on his account.

She had begged him to come to her again; entreated him; wept. He had promised that he would do so, and he meant to carry out that promise. Awkward as such unpremeditated attachments were, the interspace of a hundred miles—which to a girl of her limited capabilities was like a thousand—would effectually hinder this summer fancy from greatly encumbering his life; while thought of her simple love might do him the negative good of keeping him from idle pleasures in town when he wished to work hard. His circuit journeys would take him to Melchester three or four times a year, and then he could always see her.

The pseudonym, or rather partial name, that he had given her as his, had been spoken on the spur of the moment, without any ulterior intention whatever. He had not afterwards disturbed Anna's error, but on leaving her he had felt bound to give her an address at a stationer's not far from his chambers, at which she might write to him under the initials "C. B."

In due time Raye returned to his London chambers, having called at Melchester on his way, and spent a few additional hours with his fascinating child of nature. In town he lived monotonously every day. Often he and his room were enclosed by a tawny fog from all the world besides, and when he lighted the gas to read or write by, his situation seemed so unnatural that he would look into the fire and think of that simple girl at Melchester again and again. Often, oppressed by absurd fondness for her, he would enter the dim religious nave of the Law Courts by the north door, elbow other juniors habited like himself, and, like him, unretained, edge himself into this or that crowded court where a sensational case was going on, just as if he were in it, though the police officers at the door knew as well as he knew himself that he had no more concern with the business in hand than the patient idlers at the gallery door outside, who had waited to enter since eight in the morning, because, like him, they belonged to the classes who live without working. But he would do these things to no purpose, and think how greatly the characters in such scenes contrasted with the pink and breezy Anna.

An unexpected feature in that peasant maiden's conduct was that she had not as yet written to him, though he had told her she might do so if she wished. Surely a young creature had never before been so reticent in such circumstances. At length he sent her a brief line, positively requesting her to write. There was no answer by the return post, but the day after a letter in a neat feminine hand, and bearing the Melchester postmark, was handed to him by the stationer.

The fact alone of its arrival was sufficient to satisfy his imaginative sentiment. He was not anxious to open the epistle, and as a matter of fact did not read it for nearly half an hour, anticipating readily its terms of affectionate retrospect and tender adjuration. When at last he turned his feet to the fireplace and unfolded the sheet, he was surprised and pleased to find that neither extravagance nor vulgarity was there. It was the most charming little epistle he had ever received from woman. To be sure, the language was simple and the ideas were slight; but it was so self-contained, so purely that of a young girl who felt her womanhood to be enough for her dignity, that he read it through twice. Four sides were filled, and a few lines written across, after the fashion of former days; the paper, too, was common, and not of the latest shade and surface. But what of those things? He had received letters from women who were fairly called ladies, but never so sensible, so human a letter as this. He could not single out any one sentence and say it was at all remarkable or clever; it was the *ensemble* of the letter which won him; and beyond the one request that he would come and see her again soon, there was nothing to show her sense of a claim upon him.

To write again and develop a correspondence was the last thing Raye would have preconceived as his conduct in such a situation; yet he did write a short, encouraging line or two, signed with his pseudonyme, in which he cheeringly promised that he would try to see her again some day, and would never forget how much they had been to each other during their short acquaintance.

IV.

To return now to the moment at which Anna at Melchester had received Raye's letter.

It had been put into her own hand by the postman on his morning rounds. She flushed down to her neck on receipt of it, and turned it over and over. "It is mine?" she said.

"Why, yes; can't you see it is?" said the postman, smiling, as he guessed the nature of the missive and the cause of the confusion.

"Oh yes, of course," replied Anna, looking at the letter, forcedly tittering, and blushing still more.

Her look of embarrassment did not leave her with the postman's departure. She opened the envelope, kissed its contents, put away the letter in her pocket, and remained musing till her eyes filled with tears.

A few minutes later she carried up a cup of tea to Mrs. Harnham in her chamber. Anna's mistress looked at her, and said: "How dismal you seem this morning, Anna! What's the matter?"

"I'm not dismal, I'm glad; only I—" She stopped to stifle a sob.

"Well?"

"I've got a letter; and what good is it to me if I can't read a word in it?"

"Why, I'll read it, child, if necessary."

"But this is from somebody—I don't want anybody to read it but myself," Anna murmured.

"I shall not tell anybody. Is it from that young man?"

"I think so."

Anna slowly produced the letter, saying, "Then will you read it to me, ma'am?"

This was the secret of Anna's embarrassment and flutterings. She could neither read nor write. She had grown up under the care of an aunt by marriage at one of the lonely hamlets on the Great Plain where, even in days of national education, there had been no school within a distance of two miles. Her aunt was an ignorant woman; there had been nobody to investigate Anna's circumstances, nobody to care about her learning the rudiments; though, as often in such cases, she had been well fed and clothed, and not unkindly treated. Since she had come to live at Melchester with Mrs. Harnham, the latter, who took a kindly interest in the girl, had taught her to speak correctly, in which accomplishment Anna showed considerable readiness, as is not unusual with the illiterate, and soon became quite fluent in the use of her mistress's phraseology. Mrs. Harnham also insisted upon her getting a spelling and copy book, and beginning to practise in these. Anna was slower in this branch of her education, and meanwhile here was the letter.

Edith Harnham's large dark eyes expressed some interest in the contents, though in her character of mere interpreter she threw into her tone as much as she could of mechanical passiveness. She read the short epistle on to its concluding sentence, which idly requested Anna to send him a tender answer.

"Now you'll do it for me, won't you, dear mistress?" said Anna, eagerly. "And you'll do it as well as ever you can, please? Because I couldn't bear him to think I am not able to do it myself. I should sink into the earth with shame if he knew that."

Deep concern filled Mrs. Harnham's eyes at perceiving how the girl's happiness hung on this new-sprung attachment. She blamed herself much for not interfering in a flirtation which had so unsettled the pretty little creature, though at the time of seeing the pair together she had a feeling that it was hardly within her province to nip young affection in the bud. However, what was done could not be undone, and it behooved her now, as Anna's only protector, to help her as much as she could. To Anna's eager request that she, Mrs. Harnham, should compose and write the answer to this young London man's letter she felt seriously bound to accede, to keep alive his attachment to the girl if possible, though in other circumstances she might have suggested the cook as an amanuensis.

A tender reply was thereupon concocted, and set down in Edith Harnham's hand. This letter it had been which Raye had received and delighted in. Written in the presence of Anna it certainly was, and on Anna's humble notepaper, and in a measure indited by the young girl; but the life, the spirit, the individuality were Edith Harnham's.

"Won't you at least put your name yourself?" she said. "You can manage to write that by this time."

"No, no," said Anna, shrinking back. "I should do it so bad. He'd be ashamed of me, and never see me again."

This note, so prettily requesting another from him, had, as we have seen, power enough in its pages to bring one. He declared it to be such a pleasure to hear from her that she must write every week. The same process of manufacture was accordingly repeated by Anna and her mistress, and continued for several weeks in succession; each letter being penned and suggested by Edith, the girl standing by; the answer read and commented on by Edith, Anna standing by and listening again.

Late on a winter evening, after the despatch of the sixth letter, Mrs. Harnham was sitting alone by the remains of her fire. Her uncle had retired, and she had fallen into that fixity of musing which takes no count of hour or temperature. The state of mind had been brought about in Edith by a strange thing which she had done that day. For the first time since Raye's visit Anna had gone to stay over a night or two with her cottage friends on the Plain, and in her absence had arrived, out of its time, a letter from Raye. To this Edith had replied on her own responsibility, from the depths of her own heart, without waiting for her maid's return and collaboration. The pleasure of writing to him what would be known to no consciousness but his was great, and she had indulged herself therein.

Why was it a pleasure?

Edith Harnham led a lonely life. Influenced by the belief of the British parent that a bad marriage with its aversions is better than free womanhood with its interests, dignity, and leisure, she had consented to marry the elderly wine-merchant as a *pis aller*, at the age of seven-and-twenty—some three years before this date—to find afterwards that she had made a mistake. He had died, and she had still remained a woman whose deeper nature had never been stirred.

She was now clearly realizing that she had become possessed to the bottom of her soul with the image of a man to whom she was hardly so much as a name. From the first he had attracted her by his looks and voice; above all, by his tender touch; and with these as generators, the writing of letter after letter, and the reading of their tender answers, had insensibly developed on her side an emotion which fanned his; till there had resulted a magnetic reciprocity between the correspondents, notwithstanding that one of them wrote in a character not her own.

They were her own impassioned and pent-up ideas—lowered to monosyllabic phraseology in order to keep up the disguise—that Edith put into letters signed with another name, much to the shallow Anna's delight, who, unassisted, could not for the world have conceived such pretty fancies for winning him, even had she been able to write them. Edith found that it was these, her own foisted-in sentiments, to which the young barrister mainly responded. The few sentences occasionally added from Anna's own lips made apparently no impression upon him.

The letter-writing of that day Anna never discovered; but Mrs. Harnham did not venture to repeat the luxury of not consulting her. On Anna's return the next morning she declared she wished to see her lover about something, and begged Mrs. Harnham to ask him to come. This Mrs. Harnham did, although she had written but such a short time previously; and the result was that Raye sent a hasty note to say how much he was won by her sweetness; it made him feel that he must run down for a day to see her as requested.

But a week later the girl came to her mistress's room with another note, which, on being read, informed her that, after all, he could not find time for the journey. Anna was grieved, but, by Mrs. Harnham's advice, strictly refrained from reproaches or bitterness on account of this disappointment; one thing being imperative—to keep the young man's romantic interest in Anna alive. Rather, therefore, did Edith, in the name of her *protégée*, request him on no account to be distressed at all about his inability to come. She desired above everything to be no weight upon him in his career, no clog upon his high activities. He must write tenderly as ever, and when he should come again on the spring circuit it would be soon enough to see him.

Anna's own feelings had not been quite in accord with these expressions, but the young widow's judgment had ruled, and Anna had acquiesced. "All I want is that niceness you can so well put into your words, my dear, dear mistress, and that I can't make up out of my own head, though I mean it and feel it exactly when you've written it down."

Occasionally, when one of these letters had been sent off, and Edith Harnham was left alone, she would bow herself on the back of her chair and weep.

"I wish he was mine—I wish he was!" she murmured. "Yet how can I say such a wicked thing!"

V.

The damps of winter, aggravated, perhaps, by her secret heart-sickness at her lover's non-appearance, made Anna ill, and by her own choice she went for a while to the cottage on the Plain. This arrangement led to a consultation with her mistress as to how the correspondence should be carried on; and in the girl's sheer inability to continue personally what had been begun in her name, and in the difficulty of their acting in collaboration as heretofore, she requested Mrs. Harnham—the only friend she had in the world—to receive the letters and reply to them off-hand, sending them on afterwards to herself on the Plain, where she might get some friend to read them to her at least, though disqualified from replying because of the handwriting. Anna and her box then departed for the Plain.

Thus it befell that Edith Harnham found herself in the strange position of having to correspond under no supervision with a man not her lover, in terms which were those of a devoted sweetheart, the man being one for whom, mainly through the sympathies involved in playing this part, she secretly cherished a predilection, subtle and imaginative truly, but strong and absorbing. She opened each letter, read it as if intended for herself, and replied from the promptings of her own heart and no other.

Throughout this correspondence, carried on in the girl's absence, the high-strung Edith Harnham lived in the ecstasy of fancy; the vicarious intimacy engendered such a flow of passionateness as was never exceeded. For conscience' sake Edith sent on each of his letters to Anna, and at first exact copies of her replies; but later on these so-called copies were much abridged, and consisted of heads rather than of details.

Though selfish and, superficially at least, infested with the self-indulgent vices of society, there was a substratum of honesty and fairness in Raye's character. He had really a tender regard for the country girl, and it grew more tender than ever when he found her capable of expressing the deepest sensibilities in the simplest words. He meditated, he wavered, and finally resolved to consult his sister, a maiden lady much older than himself, of lively sympathies and good intent. In making this confidence, he showed her some of the letters.

"She seems fairly ladylike," Miss Raye observed, "and bright-minded. One is drawn out towards her in spite of one's self, poor thing!"

The upshot of the discussion was that, though he had not been directly advised to do it, Raye wrote in his real name what he would never have decided to write on his own responsibility, namely, that he could not live without her, and would come down in the spring and marry her.

This bold acceptance of the situation was made known to Anna by Mrs. Harnham driving out immediately to the cottage on the Plain. Anna jumped for joy like a little child, and crude directions for answering appropriately were given to Edith Harnham, who, on her return to the city, promptly carried them out, with warm intensifications.

"Oh!" she groaned, as she threw down the pen. "Anna—poor good little fool—hasn't intelligence enough to appreciate him! How should she? While I—have no lover."

It was now February. The correspondence had continued altogether for four months, and the next letter from Raye contained incidentally a statement of his position and prospects. He said that in offering to wed her he had at first contemplated the step of retiring from a profession which hitherto had brought him very slight emolument, and which, to speak plainly, he had thought might be difficult of practice after his union with her; but the unexpected mines of brightness and warmth that her letters had disclosed to be lurking in her sweet nature had led him to abandon that somewhat sad prospect. He felt sure that with her powers of development, after a little private training in the social forms of London under his supervision, and a little help from a governess, if necessary, she would make as good a professional man's wife as could be desired, even if he should rise to the woolsack. Many a Lord Chancellor's wife had been less intuitively a lady than she had shown herself to be in her lines to him.

"Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" mourned Edith Harnham.

Her distress now raged as high as her infatuation. It was she who had wrought him to this pitch—to a marriage which meant his ruin; yet she could not, in mercy to her maid, do anything to hinder his plan. Anna was coming to Melchester that week, yet she could hardly show the girl this last reply from the young man; it told too much of the second individuality that had usurped the place of the first.

Anna came, and her mistress took her into her own room for privacy. Anna began by saying, with some anxiety, that she was glad the wedding was so near.

"Oh, Anna!" replied Mrs. Harnham, "I think we must tell him all—that I have been doing your writing for you—lest he should not know it till after you became his wife, and it might lead to dissension and recriminations."

"Oh, mis'ess, dear mis'ess, please don't tell him now!" cried Anna, in deep distress. "If you were to do it, perhaps he would not marry me, and what should I do then? It would be terrible what would come to me! And I am getting on with my writing, too. I have brought with me the copybook you were so good to give me, and I practise every day, and though it is so, so hard, I shall do it well at last, I believe, if I keep on trying."

Edith looked at the copybook. The copies had been set by herself, and such progress as the girl had made was in the direction of facsimile of her mistress's hand. But even if Edith's flowing caligraphy were reproduced, the inspiration would be another thing.

"You do it so beautifully," continued Anna, "and say all that I want to say so much better than I could say it that I do hope you won't leave me in the lurch just now."

"Very well," replied the kindly widow. "But I—but I thought I ought not to go on."

"Why?"

Her strong desire to confide her sentiments led Edith to answer truly, "Because of its possible effect upon me."

"But it *can't* have any!"

"Why, child?"

"Because you are in mourning for your husband," said Anna, with lucid simplicity.

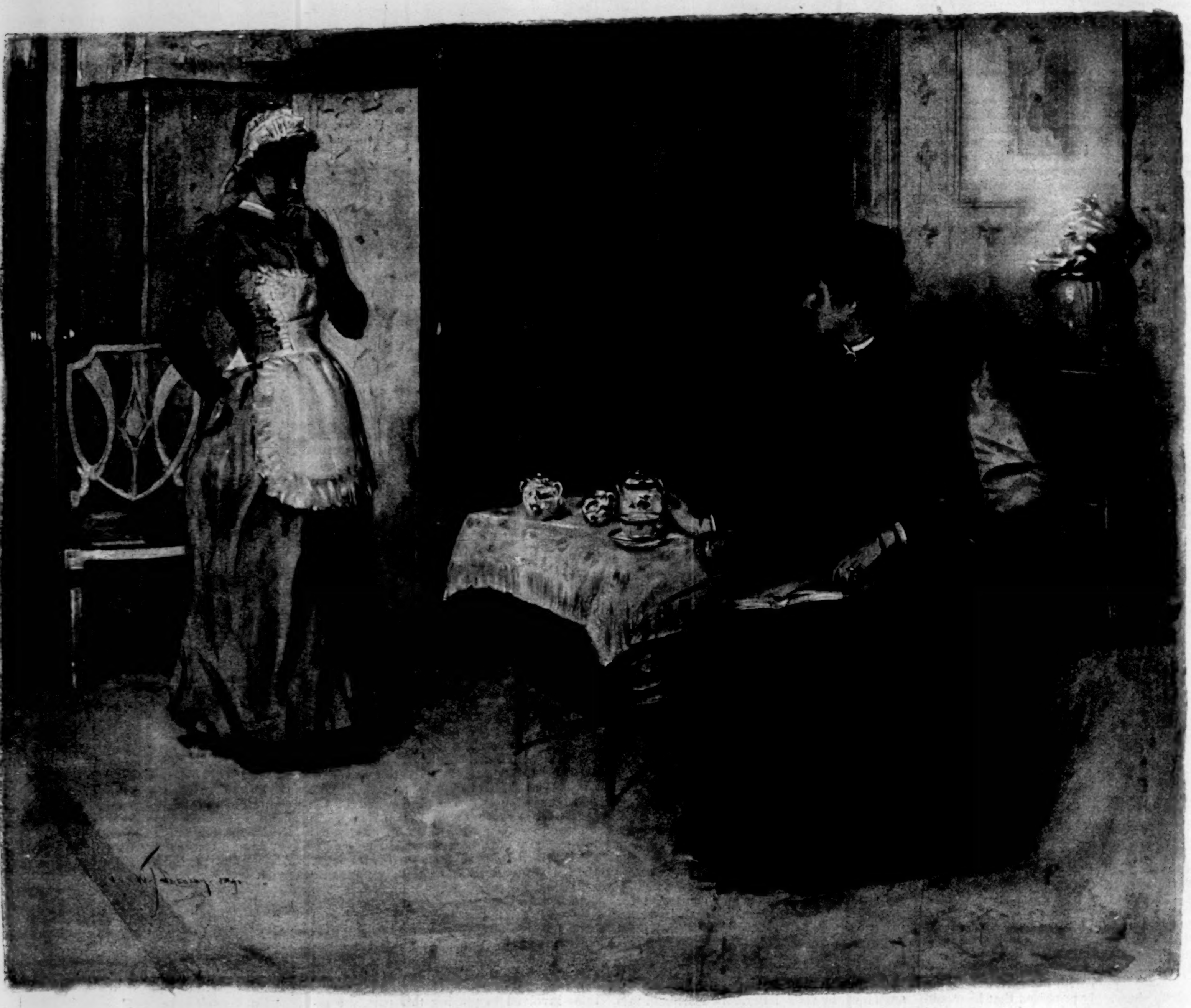
"Of course it can't," said her mistress, hastily; yet glad, despite her mourning, that two or three outpourings and responses still remained to her. "But you must concentrate your attention on writing your name as I write it here."

VI.

Soon Raye wrote about the wedding. Having decided to make the best of what he feared was a piece of romantic folly, he had acquired more zest for the grand experiment. He wished the ceremony to be in London for greater privacy; Edith Harnham would have preferred it at Melchester; Anna was passive. His reasoning prevailed, and Mrs. Harnham threw herself with mournful zest into the preparations for Anna's departure. In a last desperate feeling that she must at every hazard be in at the death of her dream, and see once again the man who by a species of telepathy had exercised such an influence on her, she offered to go up with Anna and be with her through the ceremony—"to see the end of her," as her mistress put it with forced gayety—an offer which the girl gratefully accepted, for she had no other friend capable of playing the part of companion and witness in the presence of a gentlemanly bridegroom in such a way as not to hasten an opinion that he had made an irremediable social blunder.

It was a muddy morning in March when Raye alighted from a four-wheel cab at the door of a registry office in the S. W. district of London, and carefully handed down Anna and her companion, Mrs. Harnham. Anna looked attractive in the somewhat fashionable clothes which Mrs. Harnham had helped her to buy, though not quite so attractive as, an innocent child, she had appeared in her country gown on the back of the wooden horse at Melchester Fair.

Mrs. Harnham had come up this morning by an early train, and a young man—a friend of Raye's—having met them at the door, all four entered the registry office together. Till an hour before this time Raye had never known the wine-merchant's widow, except at that first casual encounter, and in the flutter of the performance before them he had little opportunity for more than a brief acquaintance. The form of marriage at a registry is soon got through; but somehow



"HOW DISMAL YOU SEEM THIS MORNING, ANNA. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

during its progress Raye discovered a strange and secret gravitation between himself and Anna's friend.

The formalities of the wedding being concluded, the four went in one cab to Raye's lodgings, newly taken in a new suburb in preference to a house, the rent of which he could ill afford just then. Here Anna cut the little cake which Raye had bought at a pastry-cook's on his way home from Lincoln's Inn the night before. But she did not do much besides. Raye's friend was obliged to depart almost immediately, and when he had left, the only ones virtually present were Edith and Raye, who exchanged ideas with much animation, insomuch that the conversation was theirs only, Anna being as a domestic animal, who humbly heard but understood not. Raye seemed startled at awakening to this fact, and began to feel dissatisfied with her inadequacy.

At last, more disappointed than he cared to own, he said: "Mrs. Harnham, my darling is so flurried that she doesn't know what she is doing or saying. I see that after this event a little quietude will be necessary before she gives tongue to that tender philosophy which she used to treat me to in her letters."

They had planned to start early that afternoon for Tunbridge Wells, to spend a few opening days of their married life there, and as the hour for departure was drawing near, Raye asked his wife if she would go to the writing-desk in the next room and pen a little note to his sister, who had been unable to attend through indisposition, informing her that the ceremony was over, thanking her for her little present, and hoping to know her well now that she was the writer's sister as well as Charles's.

"Say it in the pretty poetical way you know so well how to adopt," he added, "for I want you particularly to win her, and both of you to be dear friends."

Anna looked uneasy, but departed to her task, Raye remaining to talk to their guest. Anna was a long while absent, and her husband suddenly rose and went to her.

He found her still bending over the writing-table, with tears brimming up in her eyes; and he looked down upon the sheet of note-paper with some interest, to discover with what tact she had expressed her good-will in the delicate circumstances. To his surprise she had progressed but a few lines, in the characters of a child of eight.

"Anna," he said, "what's this?"

"It only means—that I can't do it any better!" she answered through her tears.

"Eh? Nonsense!"

"I can't!" she insisted, with miserable, sobbing hardihood. "I—I—didn't write those letters, Charles! I only told *her* what to write! But I am learning, oh! so fast, my dear, dear husband! And you'll forgive me, won't you, for not telling you before?" She passionately clasped his waist and laid her face against him.

He stood a few moments, abruptly turned, and shut the door upon her, rejoining Edith in the drawing-room. She saw that something untoward had been discovered, and their eyes remained fixed on each other.

"Do I guess rightly?" he asked, with sad quietude. "*You* were her scribe through all this?"

"It was necessary," said Edith.

"Did she dictate every word you ever wrote to me?"

"Not every word."

"In brief, very little?"

"Very little."

"You wrote a great part of those pages every week from your own conceptions, though in her name?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever write any of the letters when you were alone, without communication with her?"

"I did."

He turned to the bookcase, and leaned with his hand over his face; and Edith, seeing his distress, became as white as a sheet.

"You have deceived me—ruined me!" he murmured.

"Oh, don't say it!" she cried, jumping up and putting her hand on his shoulder. "I can't bear that!" Her anguish seemed to thrill the very furniture.

"Delighting me deceptively! Why did you do it—why did you?"

"I began doing it in kindness to her. How could I do otherwise than try to save such a simple girl from misery? But I admit that I continued it for pleasure to myself."

Raye looked up. "Why did it give you pleasure?" he asked.

"I must not tell," said she.

He continued to regard her, and saw that her lips suddenly began to quiver under his scrutiny, and her eyes to fill and droop. She started aside, and said that she must go to the station to catch the return train; could a cab be called immediately?

But Raye went up to her, and took her unresisting hand. "Well, to think of such a thing as this," he said. "Why, you and I are friends—lovers—by correspondence."

"Yes; I suppose."

"More."

"More?"

"Plainly more. It is no use blinking that. Legally I have married her—God help us both!—in spirit I have married you, and no other woman in the world."

"Hush!"

"But I will not hush. Why should you try to disguise the full truth when you have already owned half of it? Yes, it is between you and me that the bond is, not between me and her. Now I'll say no more. But I think I have one claim upon you."

She did not say what, and he went up to her, drew her towards him, and bent over her.

"If it was all pure invention in those letters," he said, emphatically, "give me your cheek only. If you meant what you said, let it be lips. It is for the first and last time, remember."

She put up her mouth, and he kissed her long.

"You forgive me?" she said, crying.

"Yes."

"But you are ruined!"

"What matter?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "It serves me right."

She withdrew, wiped her eyes, entered and bade good-by to Anna, who had not expected her to go so soon, and was still wrestling with the letter. Raye followed Edith down stairs, and in three minutes she was in a hansom driving to the Waterloo station.

He went back to his wife. "Never mind the letter, Anna, to-day," he said, gently. "Put on your things. We too must be off shortly."

The simple girl, upheld by the sense that she was indeed married, showed her delight at finding that he was as kind as ever after the disclosure. She did not know that before his eyes he beheld as it were a galley, in which he, the fastidious urban, was chained to work for the remainder of his life, and she, the unlettered peasant, chained to his side.

Edith travelled back to Melchester that day with a face depicting her miserable sense of the end of her impassioned dream. When at dusk she reached the Melchester station, her uncle was there to meet her, but in his perfunctoriness and her preoccupation they did not see each other, and she went out of the station alone.

She walked mechanically homeward without calling a fly. Entering, she could not bear the silence of the house, and went up in the dark to where Anna had slept, where she remained thinking awhile. She then returned to her drawing-room, and not knowing what she did, crouched down upon the floor.

"I have ruined him!" she kept repeating. "I have ruined him, because I would not deal treacherously towards her!"

In the course of half an hour a figure opened the door of the chamber.

"Ah—who's that?" she said, starting up, for it was dark.

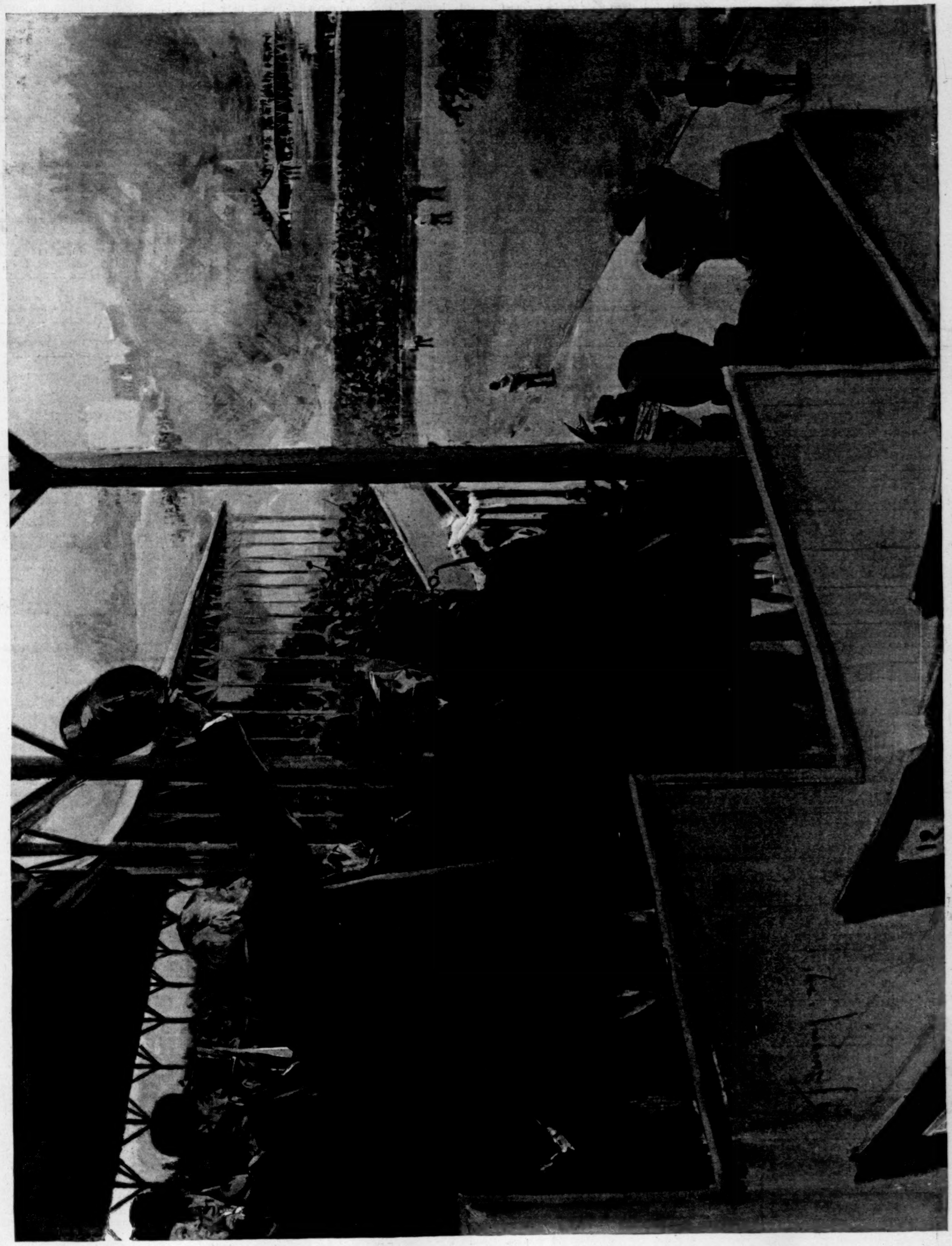
"Your uncle Stephen. Who should it be?" said the worthy merchant. "I missed you at the station. Did you see Anna safely tied up? I hope so, for her own sake."

"Yes; Anna is married," she murmured.

Simultaneously with Edith's journey home, Anna and her husband were sitting at the opposite windows of a second-class carriage which sped along to Tunbridge. In his hand was a pocket-book full of creased sheets closely written over. Unfolding one after another he read them in silence, and sighed.

"What are you doing, dear Charles?" she said, timidly, from the other window, and drew nearer to him as if he were a god.

"Reading over all those tender letters to me signed 'Anna,'" he replied, with dry resignation.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK—AS IT IS.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 950.]

THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK UP TO DATE.

It used to be that Thanksgiving day in New York was, like the day all over the Eastern part of the country, a holiday which centred around a dinner. This dinner was inevitable, and the families saw each other then that never saw each other in a group at any other time. The prodigal returned for it; the poor relation looked forward to it, and praised it as it progressed heavily through its different courses; and the several members of the family tried to be more polite and genial and loving towards one another at that meal than at any other of the three times 365 other meals of the year. There are some who like family dinners; and there are other wicked ones who sympathize with the young woman who assented to having a family dinner by saying, "Yes, and let us have any family but our own!"

It is an awful and solemn ceremony in many homes, and it is made more so, as a rule, by some one of the elder of the poor relations, who endeavors to enliven the general gloom by trying to be "the life of the dinner." He does this by growing reminiscent over the younger members, and telling how pretty they were as children, and how they used to make him tell and retell the old story of the roast pig he stole the night before Gettysburg, with which introduction he promptly tells the old story again.

It may not be so elsewhere, but around New York city all this has changed. It is not that the families around the great metropolis love each other less, or that they have less cause or less desire to be thankful; but a great and powerful and fascinating rival has come to take the place of the Thanksgiving day dinner, and it is known not only in New York, but from Texas, or wherever else a Yale man is carrying a transit, to Canada, or wherever else the Princeton man is building a bridge, as The Thanksgiving Day Game.

And now everybody goes out to see Princeton and Yale decide the football championship, and instead of boring each other around a dinner table, grow hoarse and exhausted in shouting for their favorite son or the college of their son. Mr. W. T. Smedley has shown you the old way and the new, and you must all agree that the fresh air and the excitement and the wonderful movement of the great crowd and color of the whole scene are better even than turkey and pumpkin pie. And may the best team win!

THE HORSE SHOW.

Socially and financially the seventh annual Horse Show, which came to an end last Saturday night, was an unqualified success. The management gave ample evidence of its desire to make both spectators and exhibits as comfortable as the limits of the crowded Garden would permit, and its employés were both respectful and well trained. I note these matters because, insignificant as they appear, as a matter of fact, in an entertainment extending a week, they become large factors for either good or bad. In the matter of handling its tickets the management was not so successful. Having secured the lavish figure of about $35,000 from our gold-plated aristocracy for the advance sale of its boxes, and the assurance of an enormous demand for season tickets, it would have been quite the proper thing for the management to follow the example set by a few of our best theatres, and protect its patrons from the speculators. As it was, however, the ticket sharks literally ran the Garden after the first day's advance sales. One could get no desirable seat at the box office for any night; but outside on the sidewalk were speculators by the dozens, with great packages of tickets, a diagram, and an imperturbable air that lent force to their demand of $3 00 for a $1 50 seat. This was on Tuesday. The price kept pace with the advancing week at the rate of about a dollar a day, and the air grew calmer and more self-satisfied as the show drew to its close. Speculators are not easily handled, I am aware; but the National Horse Show Association is surely able to cope with an evil that several theatre managements have practically squelched, and as they are playing to a much larger gallery, they should be the more alert for its protection. People who pay from four to six hundred dollars for a box, that their friends may have a proper appreciation of their bank account, require no protection; to such as these it would be refined cruelty.

I have spoken of the social and financial success. How about the show as the means of improving the breed of horses in this country? As one looks back on the week one remembers chiefly the hunters and the hackneys. Recollection of all else seems to be crowded out by the extensive and fine displays in these two classes, though I must confess personally I have a very distinct remembrance of the cobs, for a finer display has not been seen in this country. I do not propose to make an argument that the display of hunters and hackneys is too large, for they are always interesting and instructive, but I call attention to the fact that we are running too much to the pleasure horses, to the neglect of the practical every-day work-horse. In all this great show there were but eleven roadsters entered, and most of them were of the Belle Hamlin order, which, although of course a mare that could be used as a roadster, and a remarkably fast one at that, is not my understanding of a roadster by long odds. The typical roadster, the animal that serves ninety-nine per cent. of the drivers in America, where was he? What is being done to breed up this class? There was not a Clydesdale shown. Three Shire stallions and only one Norman. Considering that the dollars of a very large percentage of those that swell around in victorias are made by these horses that drag about their trucks for one kind and another of merchandise—liquid and solid—it would seem as though some interest might be taken in the development of the work-horse.

While we are on the subject of work-horses, and always bearing in mind that this exhibition is the annual show of a national association one of the chief objects of which is to improve the breed of horses in this country, how about the horses that drag about the grocery, butcher, and other light wagons of that description? What of the cab-horses? What are we doing towards breeding up and replenishing our limited stock of cavalry and artillery horses? Suppose we went to war, of what service would be these high-stepping show horses? We should be obliged to draw on the farmers for horses, and what are they doing towards breeding up their stock? I would not be understood as conveying the impression that I advocate setting about breeding up a herd of cavalry and artillery horses—not that; but in our shows through the country we are doing absolutely nothing practical in that line. Why this year we did not even have an exhibition of the only two Troops in our vicinity—the City Troop of Philadelphia and Troop A in this city. Even an exhibition drill by them and a show of their stock is a step in the proper direction. And as for cavalry horses, ask any member of a Troop you happen to know, whether it is an easy matter to find suitable mounts. I write in this vein of our Horse Show because it is the only horse show in the United States of the magnitude and financial backing to undertake these matters as they should be. As the rest of America looks to us to take the lead in all matters financial, so our Horse Show is regarded as the national one. Chicago has made one or two attempts to hold a show, but the ignorance and parsimony of its projectors have caused a collapse financially and otherwise. Boston is too near us, and its attempts have been in the nature of purely local displays of the ordinary lot of carriage and saddle horses. It rests, therefore, on New York to become the national mover in this as in all other matters. The government requires cavalry and artillery horses constantly, and there is little question that it would co-operate heartily with the Association in an attempt next year to bring out a display of these horses by offering prizes to encourage breeding up.

It is possible I may regard this annual show differently from most people, but I don't believe its sole mission is the display of the stock of a comparative handful of wealthy owners in this vicinity. There are wealthy owners about New York as much interested in the breeding up of horses as the most enthusiastic Kentuckians, but these are the exception. The majority enter their horses in order to be "in it"; and while they are interesting enough in their way, and certainly add to the general interest of the show, the managers of the Association should not permit them to reach numbers out of proportion to the other classes. In other words, there should be a thorough weeding process, and it should begin next year. The Association is strong enough to do this now. There are dozens upon dozens of entries that should be sent out of the ring as soon as they enter it. They only take up space, and bore the judges and the spectators as well. "Society" enters numbers of good horses, and it likewise sends a number that are not in the race.

There is just now entirely too much space and time given hunters. These are pleasure horses pure and simple, and belong to the wealthy classes entirely. Again I do not wish to be misunderstood. No one loves a hunter better than I do; he is a grand animal and a horse all over. But it is possible to have too much of even a good thing. There is no part of the Horse Show week that attracts more interested attention than the exhibition of hunters in the ring, and their performance over the jumps. A clean jumper, ridden by a man who understands his business, is as pretty a sight as any one wants to see. But who cares to watch a horse go stumbling and falling and bolting about the ring, ridden by some groom, perhaps, who makes the most of his opportunity to do the "gallery act," or some provincial rider, whose sole idea of taking his horse over a jump consists in giving a tremendous yank at the bridle simultaneously with a vigorous dig of the spur?

When a horse can't clear the jumps without falling all over them, he should be stopped and sent out of the ring. It ought to be borne in mind by both spectators and judges alike that the horse-show ring is not a training school, but an exhibition ring, where the best, the pick supposedly, are striving for championship honors. And while I am on the subject it would be a good idea to panel that fence about the ring up to the top, so inconsiderate mankind could not stick its head and arms through to the disturbance of the jumping horse. Another thing—that white gate appears to be a serious stumbling-block, so many good performers rapped it, owing, very likely, to the fence beyond also being white, and the horse confusing the two. Winding the top bar with straw or rope would remedy that nicely.

I don't see any more reason why a heavy-weight hunter should be entered in a middle-weight class than that a heavy-weight boxer should be entered in a bantam class. The Association rule debars a *winner* in the heavy-weight from competing in the other class, but owners of heavy-weights enter in both, hoping, if they don't catch a ribbon in their legitimate class, to be more fortunate in the other. It is not right at all, and before another year comes around the ruling should be changed. There is another ruling also that requires attention, and that is the one which permits the entry of the same horse in saddle and harness classes. I have seen in this show just past the same horse exhibited as a hunter, park hack, and driven to a cart. Now will any one tell me that this animal is an ideal in any one of these classes? Bear in mind that this is the National Horse Show; that the animals entered here are the pick of the land, *specialists*, not all-round family horses. Of course to a man having a modest stable it's delightful to have so worthy an animal that our mother-in-law may drive it, our children go picnicking with impunity, and we, the head of the family, take a run after the hounds once or twice a week. That's all right for us who make no pretensions; we don't claim he is a possible prize-winner in either one of these classes; he is a good hack, and earns his keep.

But the Horse Show is different, every animal goes there as a representative of a certain class—at least he should. It is absolutely out of the question for the same horse to be an ideal park hack, hunter, and driver; the conformation of the animal is different, the gait is different, and any man who enters in such a way next year should be mercilessly snubbed by the management. Another thing nearly as bad is driving a horse-show tandem in double, as did Mr. John A. Logan, Jun., and one or two others. Unless I am much mistaken, the absolutely "correct" tandem has a leader somewhat lighter than the wheeler. This being the case, how can the same pair parade before the judges as a prospective winner in the matched pairs? It would be about as sensible as turning out the same cattle to a road four-in-hand as you did to the park four. But Mr. Logan committed a greater breach than that, and so did Mr. Cram—the grooms of each indulged in cockades. May be Mr. Logan fancies himself entitled to one on account of the services of his illustrious father to the country, and possibly Mr. Cram considers himself entitled to the insignia of ignorance because he lives on Staten Island! May be he don't live on Staten Island at all. At any rate, it's very bad form, and do take them off before either of you turns up at the show next year.

Speaking of tandem driving, I should advise several of those who exhibited this year (I sha'n't mention names, because the art is in its infancy), for the sake of their personal safety and appearance, to take several lessons in not only driving, but sitting in the cart. One gentleman I have in mind, who appeared to have an entry in about every class of tandem, doubles, and fours, cut anything but a sportsman-like figure as he sat on the box with his chin down on his chest, his legs dangling straight down in front of the seat, and his heels glued to the box. He was not thin, nor tall either, and he was not a picturesque sight by a long shot! The tandem display shows an encouraging improvement each year; and, who knows, probably by another year our young bloods, who now sit upon the box with such an agonized expression on their faces that they really make the spectators miserable, may be able to get around the corners without the leader getting the traces across his back, or turning around to give the wheeler a discreet but expressive wink. Out of the lot that exhibited, about three or four—I don't recall more—drove properly, and some were so bad they were ludicrous.

One from a city not a great way off had his hands up to his ears about every time he pulled up, and he took in his reins as though he were hauling in rope hand over hand. I liked the way Mr. Bloodgood handled his reins, even if his turn-out didn't get a prize; and Mr. C. A. Baudouine, Jun., handled his tandem and four in a most workman-like manner. Little Miss Cassatt, however, sent her tandem around the ring as well as the best of them. She has an able teacher in her father, A. J. Cassatt, who is not only an accomplished whip, but one of the most thorough horsemen in the country. Some of the fours were the best shown since the inauguration of the show, but the class was very small compared to the number available in this vicinity. Charles A. Baudouine, W. Seward Webb, F. K. Sturgis, and Bloodgood Stock Farm were all good in their classes.

Of carriage-horses there were quite a number; but we saw the same pair so often divided about and hitched to different traps that their qualities palled on us. The fashionable harness horse of the day, trained to get his legs up to the greatest possible height, and to bring them down with the greatest possible racket, does become a monotonous figure in the show ring after a week's sitting. Of horses under the saddle there was no end, and we likewise saw them so often—as hunters, hacks, and what not—that one became almost ashamed to look them in the face. Of the *bona fide* hunters, however, there were a lot of grand animals. I could not begin, in the space here, to do them justice. There was a deal of wretched jumping and frightful riding, but a great consideration should be shown in handling horses brought out into the glare of the electric light, with the sea of faces all around them, and everything calculated to excite and rattle them. I was sorry to see horses under five years put over the jumps. It augurs badly. The wonder is they do so well. Transport, Punch, Virginia, Grey Buck, Hempstead, Sweetheart, Honest John, Sir James Countess, Lancer, Chance, Merry Boy, Little Chief, Lady Hampton, Cohasset, Brunette, Ontario, were some of the performers that caught my eye. They didn't all get a prize, and that reminds me of what I thought rather a curious decision in the Ladies' Qualified Hunter Class. Honest John jumped finely, and rightfully received first; Grey Buck, which refused several times, and knocked all the bars down once, got second; Virginia, which should have had second, but got third, made the circuit without touching a thing; and fourth went to Chance, which landed badly, and had no business to be entered, pulled the gate down after him once, and knocked off a bar. Lancer, it seemed to me, did far better than Grey Buck; he neither rushed nor refused, and knocked one bar once at the in and out. I had put him down for third, but the judges, Messrs. Dr. Green, Jack Cheever, and John Cowdin, evidently were not of the same opinion. What has become of the polo-pony exhibit? Strikes me its omission was a curious freak.

I was amused, by-the-way, at some of the entries in the Galloway Class, but then one sees strange sights at a National Horse Show, you know.

I have received over the signature of *Dilettante* the following excellent criticism to which I must give space:

In Class 34 of the horses shown to gigs or village carts, the judges surely lacked their accustomed discrimination and judgment in awarding to Mr. Seward Webb's mare the first prize. Her Majesty was in excellent form, and the appointments, etc., were good, but she had no style; all of the gentlemen who judged that class know full well that a hunter or a dray-horse may be permitted to go with his nose out like a pig, and may have as thick a neck as Her Majesty (I mean the equine importation bearing that name), but that does not entitle a horse (unless perhaps the combination of her name and that of her owner carried a conviction of necessary superiority) to the first prize in a class judged "for quality, style, and action," while A. J. Cassatt's Duke was in every respect her equal and in some respects much the superior of Her Majesty. No, gentlemen, too many of Mr. Webb's horses deserve almost unqualified praise to give him that gig-horse prize in America, where we are supposed to be devoid of the unreasoning prejudices of a monarchical government. Don't do it again, please; the strong undercurrent of sentiment in favor of Revolutionary American stock will frown on your indulgence of Anglomania in the show ring.

There seems to be a tendency to put too small horses before the rather large and high-set carts shown generally at the show, and there are some badly balanced carts, hanging heavy on horses too small for them, and giving an appearance of being broken-backed.

I must say a word about the decision in one of the saddle-horse classes on Thursday—Class 101, a special prize offered for the best park hack, "to be judged for soundness, quality, and style of going; manners to be considered while standing, and in the walk, trot, and canter." Eric, the recipient of their favor, was a good horse, but he is not as well mannered as Lauderdale, owned by Mr. Eugene Higgins. He was perfect in manners and quality—not thoroughbred quality, but park-hack quality—and, in my opinion, the manners of a park hack should count even for more than quality. He should be a "gentleman," and faultless in his mouth and manners for parade; he should surely not *pull*, and not show too much of the hot blood of the thoroughbred. Now Eric was well ridden by Mrs. Beach, but he gave her several strong pulls after warming up to his work, and showed an unpleasant determination to "go," which a park hack of the highest form should always hold in subjection to his rider.

Lauderdale, on the contrary, while having the evenness of gait and good action of his competitors, was also nearly faultless in manners, while being fully as prompt when called on by his rider as Eric. The judges, by their award, increased the value of an inferior horse, while they neglected those requisites of the park hack which the donor of the prize strove by the conditions to exact of the winner.

In the professional coachman class, driving fours, Donelly handled a rather high-strung team very well in the intricate and short turns of the ring. Mr. Bates's coachman labored at his team as though he were pulling an oar in a life-boat, and got through somehow, and should have been mighty glad to stop such violent exertion, almost equal to the effort necessary for a high jump.

I may appear to be devoting too much time and attention to the professional coachman, but when one reflects that most of our four-in-hand driving is learned of the professionals, and we depend so much upon our servants here that we must look well to our normal schools, as it were—our professional whips—and really this year their performance was indifferent.

C. W. W.

AMATEUR SPORT

Bernie Trafford, Harvard's captain, has my sympathy. Not for the 10 to 0 defeat Yale gave his eleven on Saturday at Springfield. That was hard lines on him and his men, of course, after all the six weeks' hard work, but defeat is one of the unhappy contingencies of warfare, mimic or otherwise, and it would have been just as hard lines on Captain McClung and his team had they lost. Mr. Trafford has my sympathy that he should have had such a magnificent lot of men, and not been permitted to teach them more football. I am quite sure I speak advisedly when I say that Trafford has not enjoyed the privileges and prerogatives that are understood to go with the captaincy of anything. He has been a lieutenant possibly, but one that was permitted no insubordination liberties with his superiors. Now, whether Mr. Trafford would make a captain capable of carrying his men through the season from beginning to end, I do not know, nor does any one, for he has not had the opportunity of showing what he can do untrammelled, but it is the impression of those qualified to advance an opinion on the subject that he is entirely competent. Nobody will deny that in the men composing the vanquished Harvard eleven there are good football possibilities. Five of the men are certainly veterans of acknowledged ability; indeed, considered to be as good men in their positions as there are on the field to-day—Trafford, Lake, Corbett, Newell, and Hallowell. Of the others, Emmons and Waters are certainly first class, while in Dexter, Bangs, and Mackie there is material of the most promising nature.

We all know Harvard did not play football on Saturday. It's quite the usual thing, of course, to heap criticisms on the plays of a defeated eleven—to declare they do not know the game, etc., etc., and it stands to reason that the winning team must always play the better game. But those who read this column understandingly will know enough of the game and of my sentiments to appreciate that the criticism here is no such cavil. Harvard did not play football. Now why? There are but two conclusions—either the men on the team are not so intelligent or so susceptible to instruction as the average player, or they have not been properly instructed. I am disinclined to write the men down as being less intelligent than the rule, partly from my personal knowledge of them, but chiefly from watching them closely in their practice and match games for the past six weeks, and especially after following them in last Saturday's game. Every man on the line and behind it on that day worked hard, and made the best use of what knowledge he had. It appears, therefore, that improper instruction or insufficient instruction must be held accountable for so palpable a display of ignorance in many vital plays of the game.

It is neither the mission nor the wish of this column to place the responsibility of Harvard's defeat. The intricate ramifications of her athletic government—its committees and subcommittees, its New England clauses, and others equally convenient for family use—would make tracing the origin of this year's football policy somewhat of a hopeless task. From wherever it emanates, however, this year's lesson has probably shown its fallacy, and the matter for Harvard to now guard against is a repetition. Harvard seems to require a great many hard knocks and bitter defeats before she profits by them. It is only in the last two years that the boating interests have been emerging from the same "Slough of Despond" that apparently engulfed football when Cumnock's energy was not at hand to inspire every one on the field with an enthusiasm that would not be downed this side of victory. It's the same old story at Cambridge—lack of harmony among those fitted to coach, snubbing of old players who could render valuable assistance to the candidates for the positions they once filled, an undefined policy, and failure to keep abreast of the times. Will there never be an end of this big "I" and little "you?"

As Harvard men filed off Hampden Park last Saturday, I wonder if a great many of them did not acknowledge to themselves that they had failed to give Cumnock sufficient credit for his work the previous year. I am sure that all those conversant with the fearful and wonderful workings of athletic matters at Harvard must have made a silent salam to the ex-captain as they recalled his indomitable pluck. It was Cumnock's energy last year, his untiring zeal, his enthusiasm, which filled every player with confidence, that brooked no opposition, and overcame all jarring influences. There were some things he did that could have been improved on, to be sure. Who of us is not subject to the same criticism, but the fact remains that his personal enthusiasm and never-flagging work swept all before, and won Harvard her only football victory in a number of years. It may not be pleasing knowledge to some of Harvard's athletic potentates, but it is none the less true, that Arthur J. Cumnock accomplished more practical work for Harvard football than did any of his contemporaries. It seems rather curious that the experience of last year, with its substantial result, had not a greater influence on the management this year. We stare in amazement at Harvard's game, and wonder how those having her football interests in hand could sacrifice such material for want of team play and line interference, especially as they must have seen Yale's game and known what to expect.

As for the game on Saturday, Yale outplayed Harvard at every point. The blocking of her rush line was of a high order, the tackling low and hard, and the interference very effective. Harvard worked the wedge for some gains, and, on the whole, handled her "V" quite as well as if not better than Yale, but it takes something besides mere beef to win at football nowadays. Every man on the Yale team played better than I have ever seen him. McClung was all over the field, and made some beautiful runs, using his arm to ward off very skilfully. Barbour put up a steady game, and worked his plays with good judgment; he made a couple of fumbles, but saved the ball. Sanford for Stillman in centre was a wise change, for he put up a hard game, held Bangs, and made some good gains. Heffelfinger played his usual great game—a little greater, possibly, because he had two men who were looking after him, Mackie and Lake. When he got through Mackie, which was nearly every time he made the attempt, he found Lake ready to pounce on him, and the consequence was that Heffelfinger's breaking through was not so perceptible to the spectators, and I dare say many of them thought Mackie was holding him. It was a wise precaution in Harvard, otherwise Trafford's kicks would have been stopped several times. Stanford Morison played a strong game at the other guard, making some beautiful holes in Harvard's line, and interfering finely.

Yale's tackles played much better than any one expected they would. In fact, they made holes in what was considered the impregnable part of Harvard's line, and both Wallis and Winter tackled well—in fact, I don't recall a missed opportunity. The ends—Hinkey at left and Hartwell at right—outdid themselves. Hinkey's playing was really remarkable when his inexperience is considered. No one would believe this his first year from watching his play. He is light (145 pounds), but very active, and tackles his man low and hard. I did not see him blocked off but once, and his work throughout the game was of the highest order. Hartwell played the best game I have ever seen him put up, and, as I said last week, will leave a name at New Haven that will be one of the football memories. He was down the field on punts in double-quick order, tackled hard, and lost no opportunities. Bliss astonished me, and, I fancy, some others, by his accurate handling of Trafford's punts and his very effective kicking. He made a couple of fumbles, and lost the ball, but his running was clever, and his tackling very fine. McCormack did not do any kicking, but he made strong runs, and went through Harvard's line for more yards than any other player on the team. He is very clever at finding and squirming through holes that would stop any other back on the field. It may be said that Yale developed a much stronger game than was expected, no point being weak.

Harvard proved stronger in the centre than was expected, but it was not so strong in reality as it appeared. On the other hand, the ends and tackles were stronger than they appeared. This fact is readily accounted for in the extra efforts made in one direction and the consequent slight relaxation in the other. For instance, Newell and Hallowell on the right were considered particularly formidable, and therefore they were looked after so thoroughly their work only shone now and again. The advances made by the Yale centre were those of avoirdupois, crushing through by force of its bulk rather than skill. Nevertheless, Dexter, Mackie, and Bangs put up a stronger game than they were expected to show, and with good thorough coaching would make a very formidable centre in the Harvard line. Emmons and Waters both played hard games. Hartwell was a little too much for the former, and I rather fancied Wallis to Waters, strained heel and all, but there was not a great deal of difference in the four. Lake made the most of his opportunities, but could do nothing unaided, though several times he made gains, carrying half the Yale line with him. Corbett made less gain than any of the backs, and was a disappointment. He made five costly fumbles, one of which certainly cost a goal. Trafford made a few good gains, but the very point on which he was considered strongest he proved weakest. His rushing was much better than his kicking, and he appeared able to do very little interfering. His punts were high, did not cover so great a distance, and were much easier to catch than the low long twirlers. His drop kicking proved an *alibi*. One effort was blocked, and the other, although from about the 25-yard line, went wide.

Harvard's tackling was abominable. Is it possible that the team has had the benefit of Mr Lathrop's instruction in this respect? Harvard heretofore has excelled in that respect. This and the lack of interference for the runners cost Harvard dearly. Time and again Lake and Corbett would get start for the end, and with not a solitary man to guard for them. Whatever they did was individual effort. As I think over that Saturday game, with the eleven men on one side and one great big fellow on the other, it's a wonder to me the big fellow did not, with his combined strength of eleven in one, score more. There was a time in the second half when Harvard, with her turtle-back wedge and "whirligig" movement, shoved Yale down the field, holding the ball, I believe, for twelve consecutive downs. But when Yale finally secured the ball, Harvard's poor defence was shown up by the way she was driven back by more or less open play.

It is only fair to give credit for the very successful handling of the vast crowd at the game where it belongs, and that is to Mr. Charles E. Stickney and his associates. The management at the Springfield game has always been very defective, but this year nothing was left undone. The stands were substantial, and the sections divided one from the other to avoid confusion and make easy handling by the usher stationed in each. Double fencing encircled the field, keeping the crowd off and making it possible for all to see. The most gratifying feature was the presence of 150 policemen—50 being from Boston—who kept strict order and enforced the rules. It was a most pleasing innovation on previous years, and ably managed.

Now that the Yale-Harvard game is a matter of history, the question of Thanksgiving day is before us. The best man on the Princeton line is Riggs, and the next best player on the team stands close behind him in the person of King. These two men are backed by a third man in Homans, who is in their class. The three men composing this trio wholly outclass the other members of the team, and each acts as a sort of leader at times. When there is hard smashing to be done by the forwards, Riggs leads them up to it. He stirs up Symmes into something like life, and he never tires or lags. It is a shame that Riggs has never had the support he deserves, for his play, except in a small part of the Princeton-Yale game at the Berkeley Oval in '89, has been by the side of men to whom he has had to lend frequent aid, and for whom he has been often obliged in a measure to sacrifice his own plays.

Riggs plays nearer the ground than any guard of his size I have ever seen, and for that reason is a very hard man to force over or out of the way. To one who imagines that it is as easy to play bent over in this manner as to stand up straight, let me say that the strength required for this stooping over is far greater than that exhibited in playing in the ordinary position, but the results achieved are proportionate. It is this ability to play close to the ground that makes Riggs such an excellent centre when he goes in to fill that position. Unlike the majority of guards Riggs is quick on his feet, and not only gets down the field well, but also moves to the sides as an interferer. Riggs's chief weakness is more apparent in minor matches than in important ones, for he is careless not only in his general play, but also in his tackling.

But the man whom Riggs must face is a man of equal experience, of greater size and longer reach. He is, in fact, the best-built man for a guard that ever wore canvas. If Riggs can hold his own against Heffelfinger, he will do more than any one could ask. They have met each other before, and the advantage was Heffelfinger's. But Riggs was then sore from a recent injury, and hardly able to do himself justice. This year the two will measure more equally, and if both be fit and well, the interest in their comparative work will be intense, and would-be guards can do no better than watch them closely. King is an interfering quarter, and that tells the story. He is in nearly every play, and apt to be an integral part of it. His tackling is of the best, he never loses his head, and he is an ugly man to shake off.

Homans looks innocent, but, make no mistake, he is full of football. He thinks on the run, and no man can handle a ball more cleverly than he. He is a runner as well as a kicker, and it is just about as safe to give him a chance to catch the ball and start down a well broken-up field as it was to give "Snake" Ames a similar opportunity.

But outside of this trio—Riggs, King, and Homans—there are really no men on the Princeton team who are both experienced and remarkable. Warren has the experience, but his knee last year and the captaincy this season have combined to keep him from putting up anything remarkable in the way of a game. Flint, on the other hand, while doing remarkable work for a new man, lacks the experience that will render him worthy in a year or so of being classed among the leaders. Vincent is brilliant, but his head is not yet gray with football age, and he will not have football instinct before another season. He is a very active man, quite as much as if not more than either of the Yale ends, and in that way will bother Hartwell or whoever is chosen to face him.

Harold and Holly are two men of the class of inexperienced players—men who with time will be good, but have much to learn. Poe is the best of the new men, and his experience has been rather better than usually falls to the lot of a first-year man, on account of his work against the team last year; but, for all that, Poe is an untried man in great games, and so cannot be classed with Homans. Symmes has had football pounded and banged into him until perseverance has made him what few thought possible, but he can never become a remarkable player. He has been playing an infinitely improved game lately, and will undoubtedly keep Sanford busy. Wheeler promises well, if he will wake up and get some energy into his work. He is hardly a match for Morison, but if he does his best he will surprise Yale's right guard.

The Yale captain will not be able to repeat last year's performance, because the novelty of his style will have been worn off, and will not be nearly so surprising to the Princeton team as it was last Thanksgiving. Hinkey's play, on the other hand, will be a revelation to the Jersey men, and the game he will put up will hurt the Princeton end work materially. Morison has already played his best game against Princeton, and it is doubtful if he can improve upon the work he performed last year. Winter is as new as the Princeton tackles, and not good enough to do more than face his man. If Wallis plays, he will be the same as last season; he has shown no improvement, and will make no great impression upon his place in the line. Barbour, while a better man than last year, is not in King's class, and apart from some clever tackling will not be noticeable.

Sanford or Stillman will be less experienced than Symmes, but better by natural adaptation for the place, so that the struggle between them, while of no great interest to the spectators, will be highly entertaining to the two participants. Bliss is liable to do some brilliant work, and is a dashing runner when in good condition. He is also an effective though by no means a strong punter. McCormack is something of a novelty in the way of a full back, for he cannot punt, in spite of Bull's coaching, and his drop kicking is rather limited. He is a fast runner and a good interferer, both of which may stand out quite prominently if occasion offers.

Although the Yale Team play is far better than Princeton's, the latter has been getting into the proper channel, and had they a week or two longer, would show up very nearly as strong. As it is, there will be times when they will have the requisite swing, but it is hardly possible for them to keep up that swing because it is only so recently acquired. However, I expect to see a much closer game than is generally believed. Princeton tackles better than Harvard, has line interference, is quite as good behind the line as Yale, and can outkick her. Her line is not so strong as Yale's, but I doubt if Heffelfinger will go through as he did last year. I rather expect to see Princeton score, and I don't know any reason why she should not make about as good a fight as Harvard. Individually she is not so good as the crimson, but is stronger in team work. We shall see what we shall see.

The annual game between the U. S. Naval Academy cadets and the West Point cadets seems likely to fall through, owing to the ridiculous stand taken by Colonel Wilson, U.S.A., who, it is reported, persists in refusing to allow the West Point team to visit Annapolis unless they are *officially* invited. Fancy a football game requiring the official recognition of the United States army and navy authorities! The sports of cadets are not official, and cannot be made so. Last year the naval cadets visited the Point through such a challenge as they have issued this year, and on an *un*official invitation. The understanding was that this year West Point should go to Annapolis. The Middies have won all but one of the games they have played this season. Can that be the cause of Colonel Wilson's official punctiliousness? ——Amherst has made a gallant fight for the New England league championship, beating all the other opponents, and playing a tie with Williams. The fact of Williams holding the pennant, however, gives them the championship again this year.——Lehigh improved in her second game with University of Pennsylvania, succeeding in making a touch-down, and holding Pennsylvania to 32 points. The playing was very good on both sides.——Cornell keeps up a winning pace, and beat Ann Arbor, 52–12, on Saturday.——The superiority of team-work over strength was shown in the annual Andover-Exeter game. With a much lighter rush line and right end playing on a weakened ankle, the Andover eleven were able to make the score 26–10. The turning-point of the game was in the last seven minutes of the first half. After a defence of her goal for 35 minutes, Andover was forced to see the crimson score the first touch-down. Then starting from the 25-yard line, with short quick rushes Andover battled across the field, and never lost the ball till it crossed the line.

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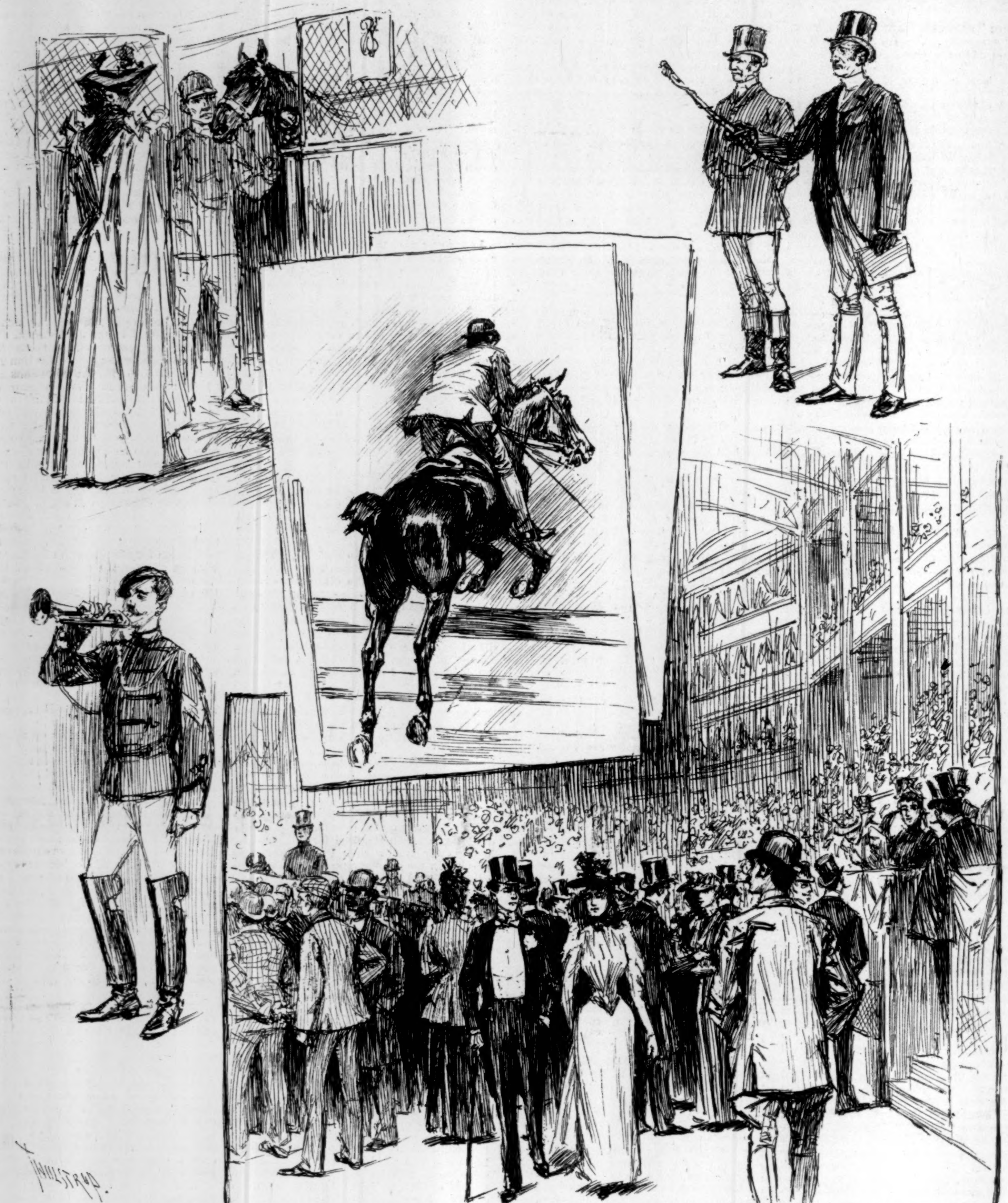


SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 950.]

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

A WELL-GRACED actor leaves the stage. Mr. Florence, in his professional capacity, was good in everything, in nothing bad; and in its long history the American theatre has never seen any player so uniformly excellent in so wide a range of parts. No contrasts can be greater than those between his George d'Alroy in *Caste*, his Obenreizer in *No Thoroughfare*, his Bob Brierly in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, his Bardwell Slote in *The Mighty Dollar*, his Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals*, his Fire Laddie in *The Row at the Lyceum*, his Captain Cuttle in *Dombey and Son*, and his Zekiel Homespun in *The Heir at Law*. In each of these Mr. Florence has had few equals, and in none of them, perhaps, has he ever been excelled. It seems curiously fitting that in this last part he should have made his last bow to the public he has served so faithfully and so honestly for so many years. Zekiel Homespun is the epitome of sweetness, simplicity, modesty, and brotherly love—all of them peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Florence himself. Because of them he endeared himself to every man and woman with whom he was ever brought into contact. The world is not so bright as it was a week ago. The stage has lost one of its noblest ornaments, and a host of mourners have lost one of the best of friends.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

William Jermyn Florence, whose family name was Conlin, was born in Albany, New York, July 26, 1831. When he was sixteen he came to New York and learned a trade. He showed early a taste for the theatre, and devoted his leisure hours to the amateur stage. At eighteen he became a professional actor, and, as far as the record goes, made a first regular appearance in Richmond, Virginia, in the part of Peter in the melancholic *The Stranger*. Peter is the low comedy part in this lugubrious play, and here was Florence's first poor opportunity. In the old stock companies of 1850 rôles were not assorted to actors. The lout of yesterday was expected to play the hero of to-morrow. There is no question but that the many parts the young actor took then gave him that versatility for which in after-days he was so distinguished. A school of practice is the making of a player who has not even genius, but only industry, and Mr. Florence was the most painstaking of artists.

What resulted from Mr. Florence's Virginia début is not exactly known. If he sought employment in New York, he soon found it. That in 1850 he did some writing as a reporter for a New York paper is authentic. It is much to this actor's credit to insist that he had become before he was twenty-five a fairly well educated man, for he wrote good, clear, and sharp English. Chippendale and Brougham were then the leading actors at Niblo's, and in the spring of 1850 Florence took a subordinate part in Brougham's *Home*. Brougham had all the talents excepting the commercial one, and never retained his hold long on Niblo's. During the season at Niblo's Mr. Florence certainly acquired that higher finish brought about by contact with such strong performers as were Charlotte Cushman, John Sefton, and Burton.

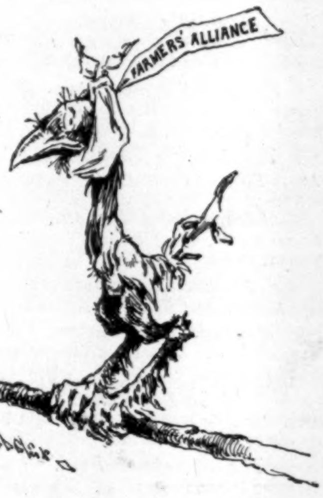
Before the close of the year Mr. Florence took a small part in a farce which ridiculed the fads of those days, but though he brought forth the laugh, hardly any professional advance was made. He was considered good, but not better than many other young aspirants. In 1851 Brougham adapted a French idea, where actors are distributed between the stage proper, the boxes, and the pit, and in *A Row at the Lyceum* Florence as a fireman made his first decided hit. No man ever enjoyed a merry joke more than did Florence, and he acted the part to the life. Brougham, however, was luckless, and soon lost the Lyceum, and Florence was once more adrift. In 1853 he held a position, rather of the utility kind, under Marshall, in the old Broadway Theatre. He was ready to take anything, and his range was wide in many subordinate parts. At the old Broadway Theatre Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were the stars then, and Mrs. Williams's sister, Miss Malvina Pray, won his heart, and he married Miss Pray on New-Year's day, 1853.

Mrs. Florence was of material assistance to her husband in his profession. The lady had been a danseuse, with decided histrionic talents. The two soon devised certain parts assorted to their abilities, and at Purdy's National Theatre in 1853 a success was scored in *The Irish Boy and Yankee Girl*. A good vein had been struck worth following up, one the public liked, and so many pieces, with strong positions and stronger dialects, were played by the two. Tyrone Powers had, however, left reminiscences of the Irish man which were difficult to efface in the United States forty years ago, and yet *The Irish Emigrant* showed those powers which made Florence conspicuous. The two, man and wife, were strong enough and popular enough to find an engagement in England. Their American repertory was played by them for over two months at Drury Lane in 1856, the honors being divided.

Returning to New York, a good many years passed without giving Mr. Florence marked prominence, when in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, as Bob Brierly, the reputation of the actor was made. It ran for months in New York, and was repeated all over the United States. Mr. Florence's method had broadened. He was no longer wedded to Irish parts. Cap'n Cuttle, as Florence played it, was no servile copy of Burton, but was steeped in an originality quite his own. *Caste* followed, which was fairly successful. In 1868 *Obenreizer* was a positive creation of Mr. Florence's. In 1875 came the piece, *The Mighty Dollar*, which will always be associated with his name. Bardwell Slote was a carefully studied bit of art, and full of cunning, replete with delicate strokes.

In 1880 Mr. Florence went to London, and played there with fair success. Coming home in 1883, he took a leading part in *Facts*, in *Our Governor*, and in the *German Professor*. Then came his association with Mr. Joseph Jefferson. This, though but of yesterday, was the crowning period of Mr. Florence's life. The fine old comedies of the past found in Florence and Jefferson their best American interpreters. Zekiel Homespun was a masterpiece. Mr. Florence was playing in Philadelphia this month when taken ill. His was a severe case of pneumonia. He died November 19th.

BARNET PHILLIPS.



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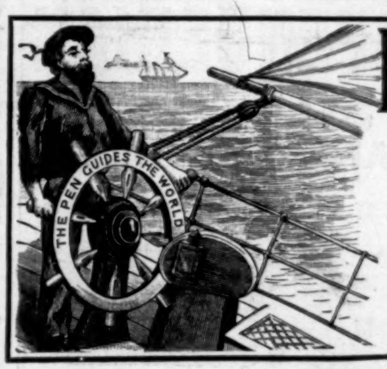
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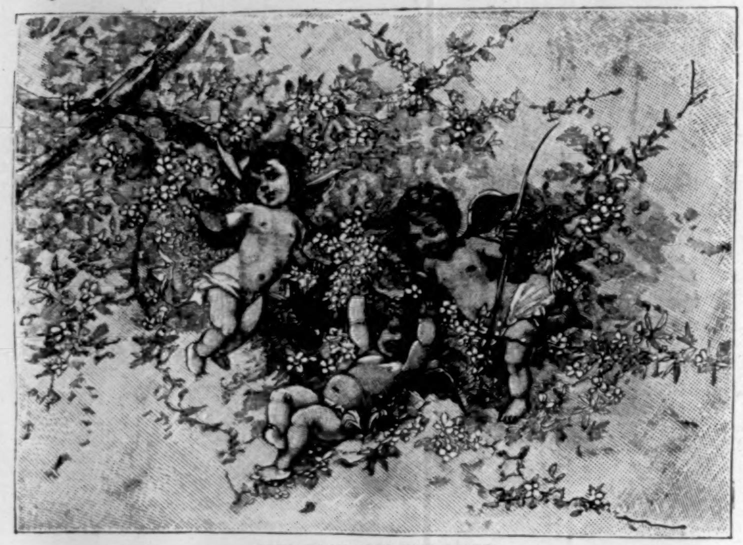

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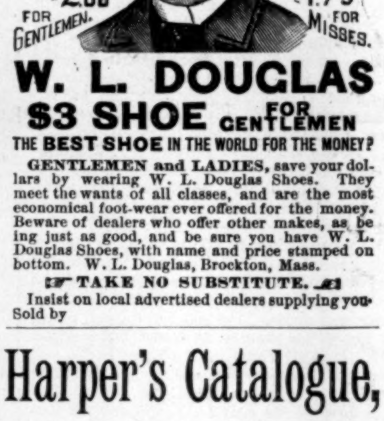

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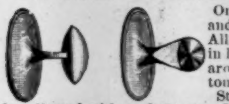

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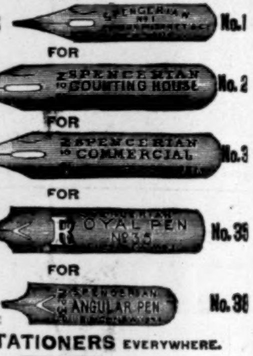

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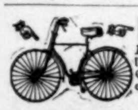

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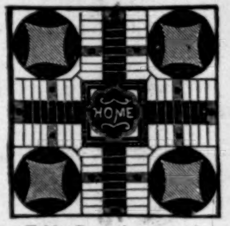

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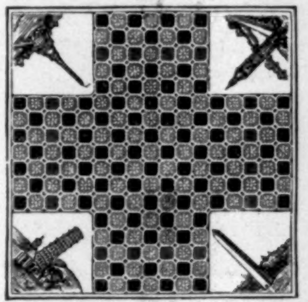

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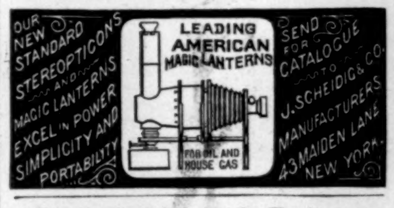
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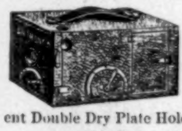

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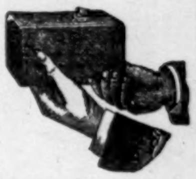

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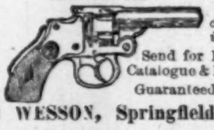

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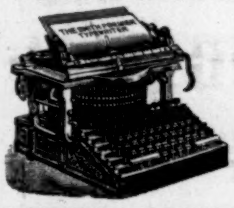

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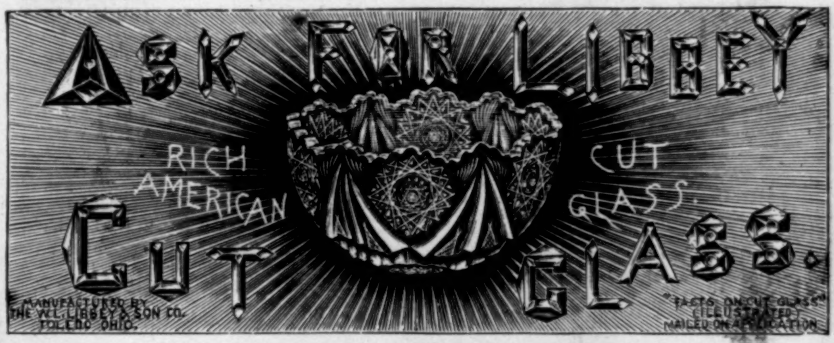
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